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SWEDEN AND THE WESTERN POWERS.

THE convenience of securing the accession of the Scandinavian Courts to the Western Alliance is so obvious that sanguine minds are tempted to assume its certainty, while cautious politicians suspect that rumours which announce its accomplishment are "too good to be true." General CANROBERT's success in his late mission may have been complete, but if his proposals were calculated to secure immediate acquiescence, they must have been modest and safe. There is no reason why King OSCAR or King FREDERICK VII. should hesitate to conclude a convention equivalent to the Austrian treaty of December, 1854; but an active co-operation with England and France would involve risks only to be justified by the prospect of great advantages. The land and sea forces of Denmark are considerable, and the materials of which they consist are not to be surpassed in Europe; yet it may be well to remember that, only a year ago, the KING supported the OERSTED Ministry in a policy which was unanimously denounced by the nation. The designated heir of the Crown, Prince CHRISTIAN of Glucksburg, is an avowed partisan of Russia; and Prussia, in concert with the German Diet, would resist any attempt to engage the Duchies in an active alliance with the Western Powers. If the war continues, means may possibly be found to induce the Court of Copenhagen to take measures for securing the independence of the North. For the present, however, negotiation can only be tentative and preparatory, though it is desirable to encourage as far as possible the sound instinctive feeling which points out to the Danish people the most formidable enemy of their national freedom.

In an internecine war between Western Europe and Russia, Sweden might gain much, while she would have it in her power to give valuable aid to the common cause. With 50,000 good soldiers, Finland might be reconquered and maintained; and the powerful flotilla of gunboats at King OSCAR's disposal would secure the Aland Isles against any future attempts of Russia to recover possession. In the event of the contest being prolonged, France and England must necessarily extend the objects of the war; and in that case, Sweden would, as in ancient times, become the natural ally of Poland and Turkey, whilst Courland, Livonia, and Estonia might possibly revert to their former masters, or reward the accession of German confederates. Before, however, a second-rate Power could prudently engage in such enterprises, it would be indispensable to secure a guarantee from the leading members of the alliance against the future resentment of Russia; and there is no reason to suppose either that General CANROBERT was instructed to offer such a pledge, or that the readjustment of Northern Europe has ever been taken into consideration. Nor would it have been altogether prudent on the part of the French and English Governments to incur a responsibility which would probably preclude for a considerable time the possibility of peace, although it is not impolitic to remind the enemy that, with the capture of Sebastopol, our quiver is only emptied of its first arrow. The honourable antipathy of the Scandinavian nations to the Muscovite name is a menace, and may, if necessary, be converted into a deadly weapon. With the exceptions of Poland, Turkey, and Persia, no country has suffered so much as Sweden from Russian perfidy and violence. CATHERINE II., in concert with FREDERICK the Great, affected to guarantee the Constitution of Sweden against GUSTAVUS III., as she guaranteed the anarchical institutions of Poland against the patriots who were effecting the regeneration of their country, and as NICHOLAS desired to guarantee the abuses of the Greek Church within the Ottoman dominions. Prince HENRY of Prussia actually informed the Swedish King that the policy of the august confederates was incompatible with the establishment of a

vigorous Government at Stockholm. The subsequent assassination of GUSTAVUS was, throughout Europe, attributed to the intrigues of CATHERINE with the oligarchic conspirators; but it is still uncertain whether the Empress was actually privy to the murder, and her contemporaries may sometimes have drawn hasty inferences from her character, when they attributed to the SEMIRAMIS of the North every successive crime which was in any manner conducive to her interests.

The rashness and feebleness of GUSTAVUS IV. opened new prospects to Russian ambition. At the Treaty of Tilsit, ALEXANDER consented to the invasion of Spain by NAPOLEON, on condition that he should be allowed to plunder his own kinsman and ally of one-third of his kingdom. On pretence of compelling GUSTAVUS to adopt the Continental system, which he was himself about to abandon in his own dominions—and having first assured the Swedish ambassador, "in the sight of God," that he had no desire to take a single village from Sweden—the Czar marched his army into Finland, and at once declared that it was annexed for ever to the Russian Empire. To remonstrances on the impolicy of abandoning the ancient ally of France, NAPOLEON could only reply, "What can I do? he has exchanged with me Spain for Finland; apply to the Emperor ALEXANDER—he is great and generous." The invading army was already threatening Stockholm when the Swedish military chiefs deposed their crazy Sovereign, and BERNADOTTE was invited to accept the succession to CHARLES XIII., in the hope that a French Marshal would reconquer Finland, and secure to his dominions the protection of France. Unhappily, however, the rashness and overbearing temper of NAPOLEON threw the new PRINCE ROYAL almost immediately into the arms of Russia. ALEXANDER offered to guarantee the maintenance of the new dynasty and to wrest Norway from the Crown of Denmark, as a compensation for the loss of Finland. On the outbreak of the war of 1812, it soon appeared that Sweden was about to join the general European confederacy. England was eager to secure two allies at the expense of punishing an enemy, by transferring Norway to BERNADOTTE, and by consequently securing Finland to ALEXANDER. The Norwegians, however, remaining entirely independent of Sweden, though subject to the same Crown, are rather allies than integral members of the monarchy.

King OSCAR may probably not have forgotten that he is a Frenchman by birth, but his dynasty has, with singular skill and good fortune, already identified itself with the nation over which it presides. Both King and people lean to the Western Alliance; yet they cannot be certain, without a formal pledge, that they will on all future occasions be supported against Russia. In the meanwhile, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg is doubtless supplied with accurate returns of the vast forces by land and by sea which the Allies are preparing for the campaign of 1856; and the Czar and his advisers will do well to calculate, with equal care, the resources which England and France can at all times find in the populations which border the Russian territory. With the aid of Sweden, a Polish insurrection would be in the highest degree formidable; and in return, an independent Poland would render Finland tenable by its former possessors. In the East, a judicious policy, securing to Georgia a modified independence, might cut off Russia from the sympathizing Christians of Armenia, and from the opportunity of encroaching on Persia and on Asiatic Turkey. A Fifth Point might limit the maritime preponderance of Russia in the Baltic as in the Euxine.

It is to the enemy that arguments of this kind should be addressed by those who landably advocate peace. Moderation is a virtue only when exercised by those who have the power to disregard it; and it is useless to attempt to satisfy England of the expediency of terminating the war, unless

we can convince Russia that it is prudent to offer reasonable terms. Those who have invoked, and those who have deprecated, a war of nationalities, have been too absolute and uncompromising in referring to principle a decision which is properly only a question of time. It would be culpable to invite oppressed nations to take arms against Russia, in the prospect of an early peace which, notwithstanding verbal securities, might leave them exposed to her resentment; but to determine that, under all circumstances, we must abstain from the use of such weapons, would be a rash and idle renunciation of advantages which may eventually prove to be indispensable.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE WAR.

MR. GLADSTONE has not, in our opinion, always given the best advice to his country on the question of the war. But he has always given her honest and faithful advice, even at the expense of his own popularity and position. He has thought throughout of his country, not of himself; and in this, whatever may have been his errors, he contrasts nobly with a rival who has throughout thought of himself, and never of his country.

While Lord LYNDHURST, Lord ELLENBOROUGH, and even Lord DERBY, have spoken plainly, Mr. DISRAELI has constantly avoided giving his opinion on the subject of the war. On the details of its conduct he has given us abundance of criticism, instinct, no doubt, with the sentiments of a candid heart. On the persons of its conductors he has frequently displayed the courage, so justly celebrated by his admirers, with which he can give a personal insult before the Speaker, and under the forms of the House of Commons. But on the main question of the war itself, England has never enjoyed the benefit of his advice. He has assiduously run cunning in deliberations, the subject of which might have beguiled a SHYLOCK of his selfishness, and betrayed into patriotic frankness any heart in which the faintest spark of patriotism remained. Mr. DISRAELI has said and written many things which seem to transcend the fury of ordinary impulses, but he is not impulsive. Rabid in assailing his rivals, he is cool when the only interests concerned are those of our country. The blood and honour of England are to him a matter of the calmest computation. The leader of a great party—of a party which boasts itself to be the refuge of personal and civil honour in a degenerate age—he refuses to declare for peace or war till he knows whether peace or war is trumps. He, the prophet of Young England, the satirist of the Tadpoles and Tapers, will tell you which side of the great question of the day he takes, when you have told him which side of the great question is the best cry.

When negotiations were going on, on the success of which the issue of war or peace for Europe hung, Mr. DISRAELI laboured, personally and through his journal, to embarrass the Ministers of England by inflaming to the utmost against them the passions and suspicions of the war party, and at the same time by stating the case of Russia under the inspiration of patrons who, to say the least, were not unfamiliar with the feelings of the public enemy. While the allied army lingered at Varna, he pointed to the Crimea as the great prize which the imbecility or treachery of our Ministers alone prevented us from grasping. When the Crimea was invaded, he denounced that "rash expedition." After the conclusion of the Vienna Conference, he discharged upon Lord JOHN RUSSELL personally one of those bursts of high-breeding which characterize the representative of the gentlemen of England; but on the subject of the Vienna propositions themselves, he was studiously reserved, while he condemned ambiguity in language of Sibylline darkness.

On the first appearance of a peace feeling, his journal began to show that he felt the shifting of the wind; and he is now performing the duty of a patriot by disclosing to Russia the nature of conditions which, as he affirms, France is willing, and England unwilling, to accept. One decided step he made earlier in the day. He declared his willingness, *at the price of office*, to support the Minister who was then, as now, the extreme advocate of war, and who, as the extreme advocate of war, is now the object of his sanctimonious homilies. Peace is at this moment his game, because he calculates that the time has arrived when weariness of the contest and impatience of taxation may have inclined the popular mind to peace. The Right Honourable Gentleman, the Member for Bucks—the leader of the Opposition, the ex-leader of the House of Commons—is on the peace *lay*. But could his most abject sycophant venture to assert that he will honestly aid the

Ministry to obtain peace? Let him frame his own terms, and let those terms afterwards be adopted by the Government—does any one doubt that he would instantly overwhelm the Treasury Bench with charges of treachery, cowardice, and dishonour?

Mr. DISRAELI has publicly declared that, in the most important crisis of his political life—the crisis in which his connexion with his present party originated—he was actuated by personal vindictiveness and desire of place; and he has treated as "mawkish morality" the notion that he ought not to have been actuated by such motives. It would be a platitude in the eyes of the most devoted Disraeli to appeal to the patriotism of one who so freely presents to public admiration the frank lineaments of the noblest work of God. But the gentlemen who support Mr. DISRAELI in gambling with peace and war may remember that history will involve their names with his. If honour or patriotism lingers in their hearts, let them at least give their country, in her extremity, a statesman whose soul is not too equable to render her the duty which is rendered by the lowest demagogue on the Radical benches—the duty of frank and manly counsel.

THE REMEDY.

WHEN Absolute Wisdom, as proved by a "circulation of sixty thousand," thinks it right to announce, to Europe in general, and the British public in particular, that—though the affairs of the nation have been sadly mismanaged—though our Civil Service is an organization of dunces, and our military system a chaos of ignorance—though we are reduced to the lamentable conclusion that the dispensers of patronage are knaves, and its recipients fools—though we are all agreed, on the conclusive testimony of the Crimean TITUS OATES, that our officers are donkeys, and our men *not* lions—the true remedy for all our disasters is nevertheless at last revealed, we receive the gracious communication with becoming gratitude and awe.

A merely destructive philosophy is always unsatisfactory. The Leading Journal is, no doubt, sensible of this fact; and though the doctor's first step naturally is to convince the patient of his desperate state, and of the fatal results which must inevitably have ensued but for timely advice, yet, after all, the moment comes when the prescription must be written, and the promised cure attempted. The directors of the conscience of the British public seem to be of opinion that the moving discourses and terrible denunciations of the last twelve months have done their work, and have produced the desirable condition of terror, remorse, and despair—and that the time is now arrived when consolation may be judiciously administered, and the proper remedies applied. Indeed, persons not inspired by Absolute Wisdom might be disposed to doubt whether the system of alarmism has not been carried to the very verge of prudence. It may be a question with some whether it is not almost too late to dissuade us from imploring Mr. RUSSELL to lay us at the feet of the Czar, and beg his merciful consideration for an annihilated army and an undone people, in consideration of the long and severe expiation which they have been made to undergo in the columns of their censor. However, we are now assured that the worst is past. The darkness is dispersing, and a faint light begins to dawn on a benighted nation. The hand which was so long raised only to smite is at last turned to heal. No wonder, then, if we scrutinize with interest the plaster which is spread for the wounds under which we smart.

It is obvious to the meanest understanding that, in the present desperate state of our affairs, the corrective which is to be applied must be something altogether out of the common way. Strange and enormous evils require new and extraordinary remedies. It might have been predicted, therefore, that the revelation to be vouchsafed to us in our lost condition by the "circulation of sixty thousand," would be something at once unexpected, easy, and efficacious. It is the true test of Absolute Wisdom that its method should be one which no one ever thought of before, yet which, when discovered, all the world admits to be right. It is needless to say that the prescription which the Leading Journal has propounded amply fulfils all these conditions. It is at once original, simple, and effective. Let us state the evil and the remedy clearly—to hear is to believe. The evil is, too much ability in the House of Commons—the remedy is, to replace the men of ability in the House of Commons by safe mediocrity.

Said we not truly that the cure is adequate to the disease—that the physician is master of the diagnosis? Alarmed at the violence of the symptoms, we could think of nothing but tonics and stimulants; but we were wrong. The true thing, clearly, for the British constitution, in its sinking condition, is a vigorous course of blood-letting—that blood which is the life of the circulation—and an animating diet of milk and water. Our generals are blockheads, our departments are incapable, our navy is inefficient. What is the cause of the malady, and where is the cure? The cause, we learn, is a plethora of Parliamentary ability—the cure, it is equally obvious, must be found in depletion and mediocrity.

The Government, says the *Leading Journal*, is deficient in talent. We confess we want the courage to argue this point against a "circulation of sixty thousand." If the fact be as is stated, it is a grievous fault, and grievously shall England answer it. But, admitting the assertion, the question arises, How is the matter to be mended? An ordinary fallible mortal probably would rashly answer, If the Government has not talent enough, let it get more, in the best way it can. But the *Leading Journal* solves the difficulty in quite a different fashion. He says, If the Ministers have not ability themselves, let them get rid of those that have. Either way, the result is relatively, though not absolutely, the same. The desired superiority of the Government is secured, not by raising its own intellectual level, but by depressing that of the body which it is to control. It is clear that this expedient must carry the palm for convenience and simplicity.

Were it not that the dogmatic politics of Absolute Wisdom are matter of faith rather than of argument, we might have been inclined to doubt whether it really is desirable for a nation professing to live under free institutions, and to govern itself by public opinion, to exclude all men of ability from the discussion of public affairs. Could the question be considered as an open one, it might perhaps be suggested that, if there are a number of men holding distinctive opinions of their own on critical points affecting the capital interests of the country—and if these men are eminent for ability and unimpeachable in character—it is on the whole advisable to hear what they have got to say, and not to endeavour to escape from the storm by throwing overboard the pilot. It might, perhaps, be thought that anxiety to stifle discussion is not the best proof of the merits of a cause, and that a policy with which it is impossible to induce a wise man to ally himself is not necessarily the safest for a nation to follow. But we are not so irreverent as to pursue this vein of speculation. We admit that the question is settled by Absolute Wisdom, speaking through an ecumenical circulation, and that the doctrine of the *aurea mediocritas* is as firmly established as that of the Immaculate Conception. It is easy to understand the notorious fact that "leading journalism" is intolerant of rival ability. It is not always convenient that the circulation which carries to sixty thousand breakfast-tables, in large type, the opinions which are to govern the British public for the next twenty-four hours, should also carry, even in remoter columns and in smaller type, facts or arguments which might shake the faith of the unstable. It is clearly not to be tolerated that the Parliamentary debate should contradict the leading article. What might not be feared for the country from a courageous and able Government which should venture on an unorthodox appointment, or dare to defy the *Vehmgericht*, and to rescue here and there a hero from the bowl, the cord, and the dagger of "leading journalism"? A civil war between the House of Commons and a "circulation of sixty thousand" is a catastrophe we dare not contemplate; and as one of the two must necessarily be subordinate to the other, it clearly ought not to be Absolute Wisdom.

What remains for us, then, but to exclaim,—

Jam, jam efficaci do manus scientiae?

We are in the situation of the man who had the misfortune to have a boot too small for his foot. He stretched and stretched the boot, and still it would not go on. So at last there was nothing for it but to pare down his foot to fit the boot. The Government, it seems, is not quite of the size of the House of Commons, and the *Leading Journal* has not succeeded in enlarging it. Let us make up our minds, then, to fit Parliament to the Government. The process may be painful, but at least it is simple—the boot, at any rate, will then go on. If there should seem to be something

communistic in the character, and anarchical in the results, of this philosophy, which proclaims ability to be a crime, and pursues it with the same detestation as that with which, in some countries, the proprietor is regarded by the *prolétaires*—if, in the pursuit of mediocrity, we should be induced to proscribe talent and to stifle discussion—we may perhaps lose in the estimation of foreign nations and the judgment of posterity. But at all events we shall have the proud satisfaction of presenting to the world a spectacle in comparison with which BOLINGBROKE'S vision of a "patriot King ruling over a united people," seems tameness itself; for never, since the days of CLEON and the sausage-seller, has so bold and original a project of government been conceived as that of "Leading Journalism" ruling over submissive mediocrity.

A BURST BLADDER.

EVERY age has its examples of collapsed prosperity; but since the days of the Patriarch Job there never has been anything like the fall of the Administrative Reform Association. Six months ago, it had men-servants and maid-servants, and she-asses and he-asses—at the present moment, it seems to have barely two of the latter sort remaining. Six months ago, it periodically proved its existence by six mortal columns in the morning broad-sheet—at present, it lives in a series of unspeakably ridiculous advertisements, in which Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY and another person proclaim the alternations of discontent and satisfaction in a couple of secluded bosoms. It began in finding a theatre too small for it—it has ended in a four-inch plate on a back-office door. It began with the felicitations of the *Times*, such as it was last spring—it ends in the patronage of the *Morning Chronicle*, such as it is this winter. Really there can be no mistake about the matter. Like the famous quarrel between England and Scotland, which resulted in making the fortune of an old cook-maid, the Association exhausted itself in getting a seat in Parliament for Mr. TITE. The bladder blown out by so many lungs at Drury Lane has shrunk together; and we are only reminded of its past distension by occasional spirits of bad air from the twisted corners.

It was condemned from the beginning. While the purpose of the movement was publicly defined, with the utmost precision, as the substitution of one governing class for another, nothing could in reality be vaguer or more shadowy than the conception of their object which the promoters of the Association had formed; nor could anything exceed their ignorance of the conditions of success, or of the principles by which their efforts should be guided. When Mr. LAYARD stood forward as their representative in the House of Commons, and moved his famous resolution, he had not a single original argument to urge, or a single new fact to allege. It was perfectly clear that the champion of Administrative Reform had derived every one of his ideas from an *ex post facto* study of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S Report. In truth, the Association betrayed its purely casual and transient character in nothing so much as its selection of spokesmen and leaders. Mr. LAYARD, though devoid of the smallest particle of genius, is a man of considerable cleverness and great daring; Mr. LINDSAY has the same qualities in an infinitely smaller degree; but both are gentlemen who labour under a constitutional incapacity to state a fact correctly, or indeed to appreciate the inconvenience of having it incorrectly described. There was a fundamental absurdity in employing such men to devise means for reforming the discipline and supply of the army. The branches of the service complained of, if defective at all, were defective in the very particulars in which the persons set to remodel them neither excelled nor cared to excel—in accuracy, punctuality, regularity, industry, and patience. What notions Messrs. LAYARD and LINDSAY entertained of the expedients essential to the successful conduct of affairs, may be pretty well conjectured from their antecedents. Mr. LINDSAY would have managed the campaign like a touch-and-go speculation. Mr. LAYARD would have proceeded as he did on the banks of the Tigris. He wanted to treat the Commissariat and Medical departments *en Bedouin*—to bully and to cajole, to threaten and to bribe—to get on by energy instead of perseverance, and by dexterity rather than order. Such were the contrivances which enabled him to disinter the alabaster population of the long gallery at the British Museum. But the army wanted bread, and not a stone; and it would never have got bread from Mr. LAYARD. Looking to the present condition of the Association, it is even more amusing than melancholy to recall the shallow

sophistries by which it was misled, and the positive misrepresentations to which it committed itself. We do not care to dwell on the foolishness which condemned the whole Public Service on account of the alleged inefficiency of one or two departments, little cared for and slackly employed; although some curious results might be arrived at, if all administrative systems were judged by the serviceableness of the branch to which the genius of the particular community caused least importance to be attached. What, for example, ought to be our conclusions as to the character of the French Administration, if we tested it by the activity and punctuality of the French Post Office? The grand mistake of the Association was, however, the assumption that the very reforms it called for had always been possible, and had merely been delayed by the selfish obstinacy of the Governing order. It used to be a favourite dogma of the Drury-lane platform, that the House of Commons had never refused any reasonable demand for funds for the organization of the army. Even here lurked a fallacy, for everybody knows that the Minister framed the estimates according to the known temper of the House, and that the unhesitating vote of a particular sum was quite as likely to prove the parsimony as the liberality of Parliament. But, granting that the money would have been supplied, is it certain that any single Government since 1815 would have been permitted to place the peace establishment on a footing of thorough and notorious efficiency? Those who assert this forget the jealousy with which the most powerful section of the Liberals had always regarded the Horse-Guards until a sudden and violent reaction converted them into a war-party—they forget the influence of Mr. HUME, whose bugbear through life was the aggrandizement of any branch of the State except the House of Commons—they forget how great, until quite recently, was the obstructive power of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, and how nearly they committed the entire *extrême gauche* to a scheme of financial reform which involved the annihilation of the army. And still more false than the open assertion that Administrative Reform, such as it is now conceived, would have been sanctioned by Parliament, was the tacit assumption that the mechanism by which it is apparently to be carried into effect was always practicable. It seems to be now commonly believed that the conception of a Competitive Examination suggests itself as naturally to the human mind as the ideas of Right and Duty. But the fact is, the very notion of competition, as a reliable criterion of knowledge and skill, would have been utterly strange in England before the date of the Oxford Prize-lists and the Cambridge Triposes—both of them institutions extremely modern—both of them experiments the success of which can only be said to have been quite recently demonstrated.

If the views entertained by the Association of the past condition of the Civil and Military Service were most of them flagrantly erroneous, even more doubtful were the principles on which it proposed to reorganize the Public Offices. We shall probably notice hereafter some of the mistakes committed, but at present it will be enough to observe on the theory that the business habits of merchants are a sovereign remedy for all public disasters. This was the great bait dangled before the middle classes. We merely ask, said the Association, that the method of a merchant's office should be copied by the State. Now, nothing is more certain than that the rules and principles of English commercial business urgently require revision before they can be successfully applied to undertakings on the largest scale. Owing probably to the past imperfections of our laws of partnership, we have very much to learn before we can deem ourselves proficient in the conduct of those great enterprises which transcend the supervision of a single eye. Does anybody venture to say that extensive associations for commercial purposes have generally been successful in England—that the discretion lodged with Boards and Directors has been conscientiously used—that the interests of the public have been satisfactorily, or even tolerably, served? Is it not clear that neither the practice nor even the morality of a merchant's office has yet been successfully adapted to the bureaux of a public company, and that the great cause of all these miscarriages has been the attempt to copy that simplicity of method and that large discretion which, in smaller affairs, are secured from abuse by the watchful presence of a single employer? One would suppose, from the language of the Administrative Reformers, that commercial associations never failed, under any circumstances, and that the discretion vested in their delegated servants never entailed pecuniary loss. On the first point, we commend our readers to the Registrar

of Joint-Stock Companies—on the second, to the personal history of Mr. TITE—and on the whole subject there can be no more instructive reading than the articles of the *Times* on the railway mania of 1845, and on the series of railroad accidents which occurred in the beginning of 1850. We do not subscribe to the arguments by which the *Leading Journal* endeavoured to demonstrate the utter incapacity of men of business for managing any undertaking whatever in which the public is largely and directly interested, nor do we think with the *Times* that there is a pressing necessity for instantly transferring all British railways to the control of the State. But we do venture to believe that we ought to hesitate before turning Her MAJESTY's Government into what tradesmen call a "concern"—especially when one reflects that there may be a difficulty in closing its accounts under the Winding-Up Acts, or in dismissing it from Basinghall-street with a third-class certificate, and an admonition from Commissioner GOULBURN to be more prudent next time.

THE INNS OF COURT.

FOR centuries the Inns of Court have pursued the even tenor of their mysterious existence. Until within the last few years, no one seemed to care what they were, whence they arose, why they existed, or what useful purposes they could be made to serve. All that was known about them was, that they were four independent societies of lawyers, possessed of some acres of the most valuable land in the metropolis, exercising the exclusive privilege of granting admission to the Bar, levying considerable fees upon their members, and providing them with dinners, the consumption of which formed their only test of professional capacity. It was observed that their establishments were kept up in the most perfect style—that their public halls, libraries, and chapels were rebuilt or restored, from time to time, with a lavish liberality and architectural skill that savoured of the Middle Ages. Everything about them suggested the idea of enormous wealth, admirable taste, and utter inutility. But anomalies are never unpopular in England. We are not sure that an institution does not find the more favour among us in proportion as it departs from the strict pattern of theoretical perfection. Certainly, nothing could exceed the tolerance with which the world regarded these anomalous societies of the Inns of Court, although no one doubted that an inquiry into their internal economy would result in very startling disclosures.

At length the inquiry was instituted. Her Majesty's Commissioners received the fullest information which it was in the power of the Societies to give; and their Report has dissipated all the magnificent delusions which the obscurity that enveloped the Inns of Court had naturally fostered. None of them are more than moderately rich. The Inner Temple is the most prosperous, and enjoys a net income of about £5000. Lincoln's Inn has less than £4000, and is, besides, saddled with a debt of ten times that amount. The expenditure of Gray's Inn, in the year 1854, actually exceeded its income; and the Middle Temple balanced its accounts so nicely as to leave a surplus of just a guinea. Nor does it appear that there is any great extravagance in their expenditure. The rents, though large, are much reduced by the cost of repairing old and rickety buildings. The establishments would not admit of any great reduction, with the exception, perhaps, of the expenses of the Halls—which are, however, entirely covered by the contributions of the members for that specific purpose. The smallness of the available funds of the Inns somewhat diminishes the interest which would otherwise be felt in ascertaining the trusts on which their property is held; nor has the Commission succeeded in removing all doubt upon this point. The original title of the lands of Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn remains undiscovered, though some portion of those estates has been traced to private unconditional gifts. The two Temples, however, hold their land under a charter from James I., which they produced to the Commissioners from its resting-place beneath the communion-table of their common church. The property thereby granted is expressly given for the entertainment and education of the students and professors of the laws of England; and a curious recital in the same document, describing the four Inns as "Colleges the most famous of all Europe dedicated to the study of the law," suggests the existence of similar trusts in the case of the other Societies. The question, however, is one of antiquarian rather than practical interest; for the Benchers of all the Inns, whether under legal obligations or not, have shown themselves anxious

to employ such resources as they possess in improving the system of legal education which they established a few years ago.

The Commissioners have inquired into this subject with the most creditable industry. They have heard evidence on the working of the efficient and systematic course of legal training followed in France. They have traced the history of the German student of law through his successive transformations as *auscultator*, *referendarius*, advocate, and judge, and they have even thought it worth while to inquire into the process by which the iniquitous Courts of Naples are recruited. The most valuable fact elicited by these inquiries seems to be, that in no country except England can an advocate be admitted to practise without some preliminary test of his capacity. Even America is not an exception, as appears from the evidence of a New York General practising at the bar of that State. That some evidence of fitness should be required from candidates for admission to a profession so responsible as that of an advocate, is too obvious to be seriously disputed; and the substantial part of the duties of the Commission was to decide upon the form which the test should assume. Very few of the leading members of the English bar have given this subject more than a passing thought, and we are therefore not much surprised to find, in the evidence of some of the greatest legal celebrities, a disposition to disparage all attempts at systematic instruction. Having made their own way to distinction with no other training than the practical experience of a pleader's chambers, they are not disposed to set much store by methods of regular study which they have themselves dispensed with. This kind of bias always warps the judgment of successful men on the details of their own profession. Our greatest commercial authorities were the only men in the country who could not see the defects of the law of partnership under which they had prospered; and on the same principle, the most distinguished lawyers have the strongest faith in the system or no-system of education that has led them to the highest honours. It is just the old story of the sailor who is ever ready to swear by the ship that has borne him safely into port.

But it must not be imagined that this cheerful acquiescence in things as they are was the prevailing tone of the evidence tendered to the Commissioners. Some of the witnesses were quite as remarkable for the opposite extravagance. Mr. J. G. PHILLIMORE, for instance, Q.C. and M.P., Reader of Constitutional Law and Legal History, finds a subject for denunciation (*more suo*) in everything connected with law and lawyers. From the attorney to the judge, no one escapes his lash. The crying evil of the system, according to him, is the old complaint, "*Premia sapientiae penes vulgus*"—which, being interpreted, means "the overwhelming and malignant influence of attorneys on the bar." He is appalled by the ignorance of candidates for a call, as he well may be if he has met with many such instances as those he quotes, of one gentleman who had never heard of the Spanish Armada, and another to whom Lord CLARENDON was an unknown name. In the practice of the profession he sees nothing but chicane, and from the time of SOMERS to our own, he can discover no judge, except Lord MANSFIELD, who is worthy to be compared with the jurists of France. The law is smitten by this learned gentleman as severely as its practitioners, for it is to its "peculiarly barbarous character" that he attributes the occasional success of persons of inferior education. We need not say that we cannot endorse all this lively tirade. But there is a grain of useful truth to be picked out of it. The fault of our legal system is, that it is exclusively practical. To acquire dexterity, to get practice, to lead the bar, and to rise to the Bench, are the only aims of English lawyers. With us, law is not a science. The learned Solicitor-General, in an address lately delivered at the inauguration of the Juridical Society, was fair to confess that English jurists have done nothing for jurisprudence; and foreign writers who have applauded the candour of the admission, have not been able to suggest even a complimentary doubt of its truth. Scientific education ought always to precede practical training; and the first essential of a legal education is a preliminary course of study in the philosophical branches of the law. To fit the student for such a course, some previous general knowledge is indispensable. He cannot well study Roman law if he is ignorant of Latin, nor can he acquire the principles of our own Constitution without at least some better acquaintance with English History than was displayed by the unfortunate specimens paraded by Mr. PHILLIMORE.

After the great principles of jurisprudence have been instilled into the student's mind, a short course on the practical branches of English Law, coupled with the present method of attending chambers, would complete his legal education. Compulsory examinations, as a test of industry, are absolutely necessary, and the stimulus of honours and rewards for those who specially distinguish themselves is scarcely less so. It is satisfactory to find that these views are supported by the experience of the Readers who have conducted the system of legal education which has been in operation since 1851. In that year, a joint Council of the four Inns framed the regulations now in force. Five Readers were appointed—one for jurisprudence and the civil law, another for constitutional law and legal history, and the others for the three great divisions of practical law—common law, equity, and conveyancing. They give public lectures and hold private classes. Three times in the year there is a voluntary examination of candidates for honours, to the best of whom scholarships of 50*l.* per annum are given by the different Societies. Candidates for the Bar are required either to pass the examination, or to attend a certain number of the public lectures. Nearly all prefer the latter alternative, and may ultimately be called to the Bar with no more knowledge of law than can be acquired by reading a novel in the atmosphere of a lecture-room. To do them justice, however, we should add that the Readers report favourably of their general assiduity, and find a progressive improvement in the standard attained by the candidates for honours. But they are unanimous in advising a compulsory examination as a test of fitness for the Bar, and almost unanimous in requiring that every student should pass a preliminary general examination before being admitted to the legal course.

These suggestions have been adopted by the Commission. They recommend that the present Council of legal education should be replaced by a larger Senate, to be elected by the four Societies, and to form the governing body of a legal University, composed of the existing Inns as separate Colleges. They propose to establish a preliminary examination in English History and Latin, to be passed by all candidates for admission to the Inns. After attending the lectures or classes of the Readers, the student is to be required to pass an examination in one of the scientific, and one of the practical, branches of the law. Candidates for honours must pass in all, and the most successful are to be rewarded, as at present, by scholarships and exhibitions. The Commissioners have evidently been hampered in their recommendations by the unexpected deficiency of funds available for educational purposes; but they very reasonably suggest that any increase of expense may fairly be met by fees levied on the students, who will have the benefit of the instruction given. The contributions of the Inns are already as large as they can well afford, and yet the salaries of the Readers are described in the evidence as fixed at a rate so low as to render private practice a necessary adjunct to their official position. This cannot be continued, if the permanent system proposed by the Commission should be established; for it is clear that the whole time of the Readers ought to be devoted to their office. On the whole, however, if the dignity of its professors is duly supported, we believe that the proposed legal University will add to the acknowledged skill of English advocates a character for legal science which they have yet to acquire.

TRUE FOR YOU.

THE Irish car-driver's saying is well known,—"True for you, your Honour." The man means, not that a thing is true in itself, not that it belongs to what old DR. CUDWORTH is pleased to call eternal and immutable morality, but that it is true *sub modo*—true for you, not for everybody—true for ignorance, true for prejudice, true for misrepresentation, true under given conditions of evil speaking, lying, and slandering—true for to-day, but not for to-morrow—true for England, including Berwick-upon-Tweed, but not true across the border—true for PHILIP drunk, but not for PHILIP sober—true for the Saxon, but not for the Celt. This view of truth is not confined to the other side of the Channel. We believe that it has been accounted for and explained upon philosophical principles; and we are assured that it runs up into very transcendental and mysterious theories about the *Ego*. High German metaphysicians, in their more rarefied speculations, and after subjecting morality to the pressure of the best consciousness-pumps, have contrived to exhaust man of his responsibility. They argue that as,

towards the close of life, we do not consist of the same tissues and atoms which drank, squandered, and rioted in youth, it is rather hard to saddle the latter *Ego* with the misdeeds of his predecessor. Perhaps it was from feeling the force of this convenient objection—or rather it may have been to anticipate it—that one of the greatest of our English philosophers thought proper to prefix to his great work what many think a superfluous disquisition on personal identity.

And here comes in one of the difficulties of newspaper writers—or rather of newspaper readers. Has the Leading Article any personal identity? Is it the *Times* newspaper morally one and indivisible? Is it a moral agent at all? Does it recognise duties? Or does it adopt the Celtic *rationale* of truth? We hardly know whether it condescends to anything so matter-of-fact as the recognition of responsibility; but we believe that its theory of leading the public mind is to give what it knows to be only "true for you"—true for the moment—true for an object. We have heard that its ablest apologists defend this view. And it is a convenient one. It is philosophical—it has breadth. Not one of its writers can be charged with wilfully and maliciously misleading the world. Each is set up with a certain amount of truth—not the whole truth, but a sufficient *modicum* of it. He is furnished with an allowance, which he is to work up into a column and a quarter of readable and sparkling talk. What he has got is true for him, and true for the occasion. And let us be thankful. Next week, or next month, another nugget is handed over to another journeyman, with a different commission, to turn out another article. It's true for him. And let us be thankful again. To be sure, the stories are contradictory; but it's all right. What was true then is not true now—that is all. It was true for Mr. A., but it is not true for Mr. B.

Let us illustrate the theory. It is the duty of Our Special Correspondent "to furnish all that is interesting to the British public." Not all that happens—not all that is true—but all that is interesting. Now, to common minds, all matter of fact is interesting. Not so, however, decides the *Times*. The interest of a story depends, perhaps, upon its truth; but then, as truth varies from day to day, only that is interesting to the writers and correspondents of the Leading Journal which happens at the time to suit their fluctuating estimate of truth. Hence, of course, the *Times* is bound by its philosophy to suppress whatever does not square with its immediate view. For example, we were recently favoured with an article, not over decorous to the feelings of a young lady, in which an alliance of the young Prince of PRUSSIA with the Princess Royal of ENGLAND was very emphatically denounced. The King of PRUSSIA was notorious for his Russian sympathies, and England was conjured to oppose this inchoate Muscovite alliance. Rather an uncivil serenade this for a Royal wooer—scarcely respectful to the young lady's parents—hardly decent as regards the Sovereign. But it passed. High patriotism cannot afford to be squeamish—Royal ears must occasionally be pained by the honest counsellor.

But how comes it that "Our Own Correspondent" at Berlin did not favour "the British public" with the very "interesting" results of this patriotic appeal? They are curious enough. It is perfectly true that the King of PRUSSIA is disposed Russianwards; but is it not also true, and very "interesting" besides, that his MAJESTY is at this moment averse to the English alliance, and strongly in favour of his nephew forming a Russian connexion? On this point the *Times* has not thought proper to enlighten the British public. It is also a very interesting truth that the young Prince and his father are cordially disposed towards the Western Powers, and that an alliance between England and Prussia would in the long run most effectually detach the Court of Berlin from its Scythian sympathies. The *Times*, however, either purposely or from ignorance, withholds this "interesting" fact. And further, it withholds what we consider to be a still more "interesting" fact, that, upon the appearance of the article in the *Times*, the Russian party at Berlin—to probably with the sanction of the KING and of his Government—instead of seeking to procure the suppression of the obnoxious number, immediately translated and republished this very article, and scattered it broadcast throughout the Prussian dominions. So that the Leading Journal has actually been playing the Russo-Prussian game. It has done much to disgust the whole Prussian people with the English alliance—has executed FREDERICK WILLIAM'S

work for him—and has perhaps secured a Russian affinity for the heir-presumptive of the Prussian Crown.

But, then, the article was "true for you." It was true for the British public on a certain hypothesis—true *sub modo*—true under a given aspect of Prussia. And this little fact of the republication of the article at Berlin was, of course, not "interesting to the British public," and therefore was not proclaimed, for reasons very satisfactory in Printing House-square, and not unconnected with the golden rule of Jonathan Wild the Great—"Never to communicate more of an affair than is necessary to the person concerned in it." The *Times* is, in short, the journal of the times—the times regulate what it communicates, and what it conceals. Its truth is of the times—temporary, evanescent, fluctuating, transitory. What is true to you is not so to me—what is true to Mr. RUSSELL is not true in Printing House-square—what is true in December is false in January, because the *Times* of December is not the *Times* of January. It was true, as the *Times* argued in the spring of 1854, that Odessa ought not to be bombarded—it was true and right to inquire, as the *Times* inquired in the spring of 1855, till the very words became a sort of stock phrase, "Why spare Odessa?" It was true and right in Mr. RUSSELL in the Crimea to repeat this question last October—true and right, last Monday-week, to print Mr. RUSSELL's complaint—true and right, last Tuesday-week, to disavow Mr. RUSSELL and his complaint. So that it is equally right to destroy and not to destroy Odessa. All depends upon the person to whom, and the time when, it is true.

The worst of it is, that strangers will take us at our word. They do not understand this view of truth. With them, black is black, and white is white; and they altogether fail to comprehend the theory of the *Times*. They cannot make out, for example, how it is that, in December last, the proposed Foreign Legion was "the scum of the earth," "the sweepings of all Continental rascality," a gang of "hired ruffians and paid cut-throats"—such being the gentle language in which the Leading Journal thought proper to criticize the Foreign Enlistment Bill—and that now this scum and sweepings have fined down into "our gallant allies, and our brethren in arms at Shorncliffe," &c., as the *Times* at present styles them. Whatever our view of truth may be, the conclusion at which foreigners arrive is unfortunately but too simple. No English traveller in Germany can have failed to experience the results of last year's language in the *Times*. From Holstein to the Tyrol there is but one feeling about us and our Foreign Legion—and that feeling is unmitigated hatred, not unmixed with contempt, to England. The *Times*, to be sure, may satisfy itself with the reflection that what was true last December is not true this December; and it has this additional consolation, that, by its patriotic writing and its insults to the German people, it has achieved two notable and permanent results. It has made the English Matrimonial Alliance and the English Legion the two most unpopular subjects throughout the length and breadth of Fatherland. In other words, the *Times* has in both these important matters, as well as in the despicable character which it has acquired for the British army throughout Europe, done Russia a service which gold could not buy. The Germans are a slow people—slow to understand the brisk, airy, volatile, and temporary character of truth which our great journal so admirably illustrates—and slow, very slow, to forgive national insult.

Nor is this slowness to appreciate the philosophical character of the *Times* newspaper confined to foreigners. English common sense is equally offended by that favourite, but slightly illogical, fallacy which the Leading Journal commits so systematically. All truth, as everybody admits, is interesting—with the *Times* this proposition is equivalent to the doctrine that all that is interesting is true. So, well knowing that an English Princess married the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, the *Times*, in the person of a correspondent, asks why "the British nation is to subsidize GEORGE Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, an aide-de-camp of the Czar?" The *Times* well knew that Duke GEORGE and the reigning Duke were not the same person; but the question and insinuation were interesting. In the same way, it was highly interesting to be the first to communicate to the British public that we were on the very verge of an American war. Was it equally true? There can be no question that Mr. RUSSELL's description of General WINDHAM's heroic resolve to go alone to fetch up fresh assailants at the storming of the Redan was

most interesting. But how is this to be reconciled with Captain TOWNSHEND's subsequent and most positive assertion, that this very General WINDHAM most strongly and personally urged on General CODRINGTON the utter uselessness of continuing the attack? It detracts nothing from the interest of the columns of the *Times* to find them filled with the most disparaging estimates of Colonel PERCY HERBERT's services in the Crimea; but does this interesting criticism quite harmonize with Sir DE LACY EVANS's estimate of that officer, which the *Times* was compelled to publish last week? There can be no question that everybody found a good deal of interest in what the *Times* had to say about Lord A. VANE TEMPEST shirking his work before Sebastopol; but as this interest was gained at the slight inconvenience of forging a few dates, and inventing an event or two, common people began to think that decency and propriety would be as well served were the *Times* a little less poetical in its facts, somewhat less "interesting" in its correspondence, and a thought duller and prosaic in its intelligence. True for the time—or the *Times*—is one thing, and we may get pretty reading enough on this principle; but true for all time, *etc*, was the aim of the greatest of historians, and it is an aim not less useful to living men.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

WE cannot, perhaps, more fitly illustrate the character and position of the Sovereign to whom the Court and the country are now hastening to do honour, than by comparing him with his unfortunate father. By the light of Charles Albert's fortunes it may possibly be given to us to read those of Victor Emmanuel. The character of the late King of Sardinia is, however, an enigma not easily to be solved. The independence of Italy was his absorbing idea—nay, part of the religion of his life—priests and women were his predominant passions. Power he loved but could not wield, for he knew men, but could not choose them. He was intellectual rather than cultivated in his tastes—neither broad in his views nor overmanly in his sports. In physical courage he was not wanting, but it was of that passive sort which does not inspire it in others. Kingly in his prejudices, he was still not without sympathies with his kind. He dreaded the people more for his church and his throne than for himself—but he did their bidding when it was wrong, serving them best when they heeded it least. Truthful he could not be, but dishonest he was not. Always dissembling, he never could conceal the faith that was in him. Imaginative, he had to form high aspirations, ambitions, and hopes, but he wanted the will to weld them into realities. He meant well, but he did ill. In a word, the action of his life was traversed by infirmity of purpose.

The independence of Italy he dreamed of (though he could not work for it) undoubtedly for its own sake, and before himself. Had he been more selfish, he perhaps had served it better. His veneration for his church, and over-fondness for the sex, narrowed a heart that was not without greatness. Travellers tell us that, in the Palace of Turin, from the oratory where he prayed with sincere, if blind devotion, the stair descends direct to the apartment in which he dallied with the court favourite of the hour; and the hours passed there were many. The priests shrove the women—the women chose the men who were to mar the purpose of his life. So chosen, he could not make them do his bidding—the priests had not put them there to do it. If, in 1821, he allowed the highest hearts in Piedmont to be hunted forth to rot in exile, or to return late in life to a land they no longer knew, and which knew them not, it was not that he had the desire to betray—it was that he lacked the will to save them. If he did not later, when himself a king, pardon them, it was that he dared not, in the face of Austria, show the secret sympathy he bore them; but he never pardoned Austria the wrong he did them.

What wonder that 1848 found him unprepared for what had been his life-long yearning? The chief of his staff went into the campaign with a Jesuit book of morals,* but without military maps of Lombardy. Before Verona, generals, politicians, patriotic volunteers, republican monomaniacs, puerile dandists—each did after their own liking. With Radetzki in front, and Mazzini behind him, Charles Albert stood not over, but beside them, as in a dream. When, at Somma Campagna, senility and patrician jealousy of the plebeian Bava, whom necessity and the public voice had forced into the superior command, retained Sounaz within easy reach of the field he might—nay, must—have saved by advancing, and when the indignant aide-de-camp brought the maddening answer that he would come up in the afternoon, as soon as his troops (12,000) were rested, Charles Albert's remark was simply, "Va bene." *Va bene* was the beginning of the end of the campaign of 1848!

In 1849, when, in the passive recklessness of a despairing man, he had allowed himself to be borne by popular clamour into

* He was found by an aide-de-camp at twelve at night, before a general action, reading the work in question.

a campaign which nobody but himself and a few designing demagogues could desire, the impetuosity of D'Aspre once more gave Czarnowski, at Novara, the undeserved opportunity of redeeming the incredible errors of his own dispositions and of Ramorino's disobedience. Yet, in persistent pedantry, a refusal was given to Genoa's passionate entreaty for permission to crush D'Aspre in detail, and there was no commanding word from Charles-Albert. He could stand with folded arms awaiting the death he longed for; but he could not seize that wondrous chance. With that opportunity went the hopes of his life. If, however, he had not the will to do, he had at least the heart to die—and, in dying, he revealed to his people the idea which had ennobled his existence, and which has purged his memory of many faults.

Given the conditions and the man, the campaigns of 1848 and 1849 could scarce have gone otherwise than they did. But, with other conditions, we have now another man. If, in 1848, the Austrian rule in the Lombardo-Venetian territory was hateful to the landed proprietors and population of the towns, it was not, as now, intolerable to all classes. The perfection of tyranny had not arrived at the ideal of a bureaucracy worked by soldiers—those soldiers infuriated by past defeats and passive resistance. The metayer peasantry, indifferent to the patriotic movement, if not actually favouring the Austrians—whose statecraft has always been to play the peasant against the proprietor—had not then, as now, learnt, in every species of exaction, interference, and annoyance (most of all in conscription) that their landlords' cause is after all their own. The proprietors themselves had, in 1848, no experience of their own weakness—no great faith in Charles Albert—no great desire to be amalgamated with Piedmont. Mazzini was still believed in by others besides the rabble of the towns—all believed that Radetzki was to be beaten by bravado and volunteers. In fact, the Liberals of Lombardy had not as yet learnt the lesson that the best of causes must be backed by good battalions. Piedmont, on the other hand, had not then, as now, been for years the pole-star of Italian hopes, the refuge of the worth of Italy, the standing proof that Italians are capable of self-government. It had not become the scene of liberty, prosperity, and commercial activity—it had not yet been endeared to the rest of Italy by its proud constancy in misfortune—it had not borne in honour the Tricolor of Italy on the battle field of European civilization. In a word, Piedmont had not then, as now, a united people, a Minister, a general, an army, and a King.

The character of Victor Emmanuel is soon told. Truth, boldness, and energy are its marks. Above all, truth—his worst enemies cannot accuse him of a lie. With, it may be, exaggerated reverence for his Church and his Creed, he has shown that he will not do wrong at the bidding of the priests. If not without the frailties of his race, he was a most affectionate husband, a devoted son, and a fond brother—he is a very tender father. Careless of power, he knows how to use it. Not learned in books (the priests love not learning), he has a shrewd perception of things, and a keen knowledge of men. Worthy of trust himself, he can trust others, but he is not easily to be fooled. He will support, but will not be led by, the man he chooses. Even too indifferent to the applause of his people, no man knows them better, or is more ready to serve their best interests; but he has shown that he is not to be hustled into measures which his judgment does not approve. Frank, but capable of holding his own counsel—impatient of the trammels of his kingship—he vents his almost superabundant energies in the sports of the field, but follows them like a man. If, though kingly on occasion, his life is wanting somewhat in the refining influences of his time—if he is somewhat coarsish in the common converse of the camp—he is at least free from the enfeebling tendencies of his position. He is not the tool of a class or of a clique—he is beloved by his people. When, on his father's abdication, Radetzki offered to ensure to him Parma if he would give up the Constitution he had sworn to maintain, Victor Emmanuel preferred his word to the tempting bait. What could then have only depended on his honour must now rest on experience of benefits to himself, his country, and his race. With what rare constancy through misfortune, threats, slander, untold-of pressure, and now harrowing affliction, he has held by the right, we know—with what boldness he is following the policy traced out with such remarkable foresight in 1783 by his ancestor, Victor Amadeus, we see.

In very truth he is a man—and there are few of them. We trust that, by the manner in which they greet him, the British people will show that they at least know one of the things they mean by a "vigorous prosecution of the war," with a view to "an honourable and a lasting peace."

REMARKS ON SOME OF THE FRENCH PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1855.

ALTHOUGH this immense collection of paintings is incomplete as affording materials for a true estimate of the relative talents of living artists individually, or for comparing with justice the different schools of Europe with each other, yet it has given to us on this side the Channel (and to others) the means of studying the works of men whose names are familiar to our ears, but whose pictures are only familiar to our eyes through the medium of engraving. It has also enabled us to become acquainted, almost

for the first time, with several men of the highest talent; whilst our own artists likewise have had an opportunity of making themselves appreciated, of which it is much to be regretted that most of them have taken so little advantage. English art has been most inadequately represented at the *Beaux Arts* section of the Exhibition, and most Englishmen must have felt that our pictures have scarcely borne the test of juxtaposition with the French as well as had been expected. This may partly be accounted for by their want of importance as regards size, and partly by the absence of the pictures of Turner and Etty, two of our greatest men and finest colorists. They have but just passed from among us—it seems but last year that their pictures hung on the walls of our Academy—and we have scarcely yet realized that they are no longer in the roll of living artists. Turner's landscapes would well have stood competition with Troyon's, and Etty's *Judith and Holfernes* (far finer than Horace Vernet's picture of the same subject) with Couture's great work, *Les Romains de la Décadence*. It is true that two names in the highest walk of French art are not represented at the Exposition—Paul Delaroche and Ary Scheffer; but they, to quote Lindley Murray, are "understood," for no foreigner, trying to form an idea of French art as a whole, forgets their works. The cause of their absence is well known, viz., the competition for medals and prizes. It was "worse than a crime, it was a blunder," to establish a competition; and the consequent distribution of rewards has proved, as might have been expected, but a series of minor blunders. Public opinion, after a certain lapse of years, is the one tribunal by whose decision every artist must abide; and this suffrage once gained, it is folly to risk it, even nominally, by public competition for certain classified rewards. Would a man who had fairly earned a large sum of money throw it on the table and draw lots for it with the others in the room? The thing is little better than a lottery. Prizes may be useful as an encouragement to the student at the outset of his career, but never to the established artist; and Delaroche and Scheffer have wisely refused to compete with inferior men for prizes awarded by an incompetent jury, swayed by intrigue and favoritism.

Can any man with an average knowledge of art, who has made the pictures of the *Beaux Arts* his study, feel anything but astonishment and disgust as he runs through the list of those who have received rewards? Ingres and Heim clasped above Couture and Troyon, Winterhalter above Millais, Gudin above Ziem—while Holland has only an "honourable mention," and Anthony not even that—and so on! The admiration of Ingres—one of the worst epidemics to which the Parisians have fallen a prey—is, we trust, on the wane. An execrable draftsman, a bad colorist, a man with no intensity of feeling or power of imagination, how has he attracted such a crowd of worshippers? By painting blue satin or ecstatic saints? By conceiving such pieces of commonplace melodrama as the "Historic portrait of Cherubini, with the Muse of Music" (under the disguise of a low-bred woman) "stretching her protecting" (deformed) "hand over the head of the composer," who looks appropriately lugubrious? Or by the hopeless imbecility—one might almost say profanity—of the *Francesca di Rimini*? M. Ingres has one redeeming quality—the strong individuality in most of his portraits, which makes them valuable notwithstanding the badness of the drawing and coloring. The heads of M. Bertin *ainé* and the Comte de Molé are full of character. The admiration of Winterhalter is much more easily understood, though scarcely more commendable. We may almost forgive the Parisian ladies for liking to see themselves perpetuated with those delicate complexions, and in "toilettes" the most airy and elegant ever conceived by a French mantua-maker. Heim is another whom the jury have delighted to honour, for what, it would be difficult to say. The picture which gained him his "Grande Médaille d'Honneur," an *Episode from the History of Josephus*, is coarse in feeling, extravagant in action, the drawing feeble, and the whole thing commonplace.

But let us pass on to men whose works will repay the most patient examination. We begin with Troyon, who was hitherto comparatively unknown to us. No. 4094, *Les Bœufs allant au labour*, is perhaps the most exquisite and masterly rendering of dewy morning ever produced. The sky palpitates with light and vapour, and the sun's rays, falling perpendicularly on those faint level clouds, seem to melt them and the sky into one haze of light; the distance of the landscape is in perfect harmony with the sky, vapour, and exquisite in colour; the oxen, fine in chiaroscuro, and skilfully fore-shortened, tramp lazily towards us—the breath condensed as it puffs from their nostrils, showing the chilliness of the morning. And then how marvellously and poetically truthful the long level stretch of broken ground from the nearest foreground to where it fades into the distance—the grass weighed down, and yet sparkling with the dew, gemmed by little pools reflecting the morning sky, and hewn by cart wheels, the very ruts becoming lovely and loveable from the truth of light and colour! It is unmistakeably morning, and this picture proves that M. Troyon not only feels, but can reproduce, its essential and most subtle characteristics. The picture next to this in size is almost, if not quite, as fine a rendering of a completely opposite effect: grand masses of cloud are sweeping rapidly over the sky, and the rain is even now pouring upon the hill in the middle distance. Near us the air is clear, and the grass is yet dry, though we know as surely from the oxen and horses as from the storm-cloud, that in a few minutes not a blade of grass in the meadow will be

unladen with its own tiny share of the angrily discharged burden from above. The purity and richness of the colouring are only equalled by the wonderful effect of the sunlight just preceding the storm, bringing to mind Tennyson's line,—

A ray of cruel sunshine which smites along the world.

No. 4098, a smaller picture, with a very similar effect, is a perfect gem of colour. The delicious greys of the clouds and greens of the landscape, the sunlight on the cows coming round the corn-field, the reflected light on the group in the foreground, especially the black-and-white cow, and the truthful uncurbed drawing of the animals, all prove Troyon's rare power, and his intense enjoyment of the loveliness of nature. No. 4099, representing a pointer and setter at the instant of detecting the game, is perfectly marvellous. The breathless suspense of the moment is not only seen, but involuntarily shared in looking at the picture; while the mere painting of dogs and landscape is equal to any work of the artist. To find out the defects of a man's works when we are feeling all the ardour of an enthusiastic admiration of them, is an ungenial task—with Troyon it is not only ungenial but difficult. Want of finish has been urged against him, but with little justice, if we except his *grassy* foregrounds, which are sometimes, it must be confessed, rather slovenly, but so perfect in their way, so full of life and growth, that we hesitate to wish them altered. His cattle are not so grand as Rosa Bonheur's; they have not the same look of weight and half-slothful power that render the group she exhibits almost sublime, in the same way as the magnificent group of dogs of Stevens, the Belgian (No. 414). But they are genuine transcripts from Nature, and for quality of light and colour in sky and landscape, he leaves Rosa Bonheur far behind. Coignard and Brascassat bear no comparison with either.

There can be little doubt that Couture's great picture of *Rome in its Decay*, take it for all in all, is the finest large historical work exhibited. The subject is well chosen. If, as has been said, a picture should be "a sermon concentrated into a sight," this will well pass muster. The lesson is sternly taught. Vice is there in all its loathsomeness—the hollow frivolity of its novitiates, and the utter degradation of its victims. Still the artist has wisely abstained from making the evil so prominent as to repel the beholder at the first glance, and so render his teaching nugatory. In every work of art, it is the principle of beauty that should prevail, however severe the lesson enforced, or however great the horror of the scene depicted; for it alone steals the way into our hearts, and prepares a place where the truth it clothes may take root and blossom. As a piece of colour, this picture vies with the finest Veronese at the Louvre. The exquisite greys alone prove Couture a consummate colorist. What a lovely range of tender hues we find—beginning from the luminous green of the sky, relieving the centre statue, and the pearly greys of the columns, and so on to the white dress of the centre female figure, and the yellowish drapery on which she lies! His management of blue drapery, too, is marvellous. Very positive blue it is, and yet it glows as though touched by the sun. Couture might well have painted the *Blue Boy* for Gainsborough. The whole picture is deliciously warm and glowing, as the subject demands, yet not to one inch of the canvas could the term "foxy" be justly applied. But to admirable colour and masterly drawing and chiaroscuro, Couture has added something even more valuable—rare poetic feeling. Look at the youth asleep on the pedestal of the column in the foreground—how perfect his repose, and how suggestive the light glinting across his forehead, the rest in shadow! Look at the centre figure—a woman, once noble, now fallen, with the plague-spot of sensuality burning on her brow. In her attitude, what languor and weariness! in her face, what satiety, undefined melancholy, and half unconscious longing for better things—for "the days that are no more." And look at that man who, standing near one of the wildest bacchanalian groups, seems suddenly conscience-struck as he catches sight of the still, outstretched, reproving hand of the statue on the opposite side, to which a youth, in the madness of folly, is offering a goblet of wine. And now turn to the two who have just entered. The one gazer with sternest indignation on the terrible scene before him, the other with grief and tender Christian pity—both "hating the evil," and mourning the fall of their country, Rome, once great through the stoical virtue of her children. How finely the artist has contrasted the dignity and energy of their carriage with the *abandon* of the revellers! The recumbent female with her back to the spectator, and the head turned round, is the only figure which, though fine in tone and colour, yet does not seem part of the scene; it is but very little that is wanted, but in art the little differences are those which make the greatest difference. The finest portrait also on the walls is Couture's (No. 2820), *Le Fauconnier*. The head is relieved against a brilliantly-lighted cloud, and yet the flesh-tint shows luminous upon it, broad, warm, and varied with delicate grey, the whole finely modelled. The eye kindles, and the lip moves, and the entire picture is instinct with life and youth. The surface too is perfect, not polished, and yet free from the unpleasant grittiness found in Couture's recent works, and in some degree in the other two portraits he exhibits, both very powerful in drawing and expression. That of Madlle. P.—is severe, perhaps a little Satanic, but unmistakeably the work of a master hand; that of the Baron de C.—is rather hot in colour, but full of character.

The paintings of Meissonier, though diminutive in scale, are of

the highest order, possessing in perfection nearly every quality that renders a picture valuable. In manipulation he equals the finest of the Dutch masters. Space will not permit us to dwell in detail on his works, or on those of Léon Cogniet, Rousseau, &c., all of whom exhibit pictures worthy of careful examination. We have noticed in a leading French journal depreciatory remarks on our pictures and sculpture as a whole—remarks written, to say the least, in a most ungenerous spirit. Be it ours to welcome genius, and pay it our hearty tribute of admiration, from whatever land it may spring, and especially let us be above any petty jealousy of the people now joined to us in close alliance.

CHEMISTRY AND AGRICULTURE.

(BY N. S. MASKELYNE.)

No. II.

IT is observable that, although the spirit of Agricultural Journalism has been so controversial in its treatment of the Mineral* theory of Liebig, it has never sought to deny that the farmer is dependent for the principles of his art, in some way or other, and to a greater or less extent, on chemical science. It has never avowed the belief that in Agricultural Chemistry "there is nothing new, nothing true, and that it doesn't signify." Indeed, notwithstanding the jealousy, the suspicion, or the doubt, with which farmers have listened to the assertions of the chemist, it is remarkable how perpetually the pages of the various journals of agriculture bear evidence to the fact that the use of flax-water and of acid phosphate of lime are not the only two ideas which the chemist has suggested to the corn-grower. The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, and those of the various provincial Societies of England and Scotland, are replete with information most valuable to the practical man, and contain numberless papers by persons connected with agriculture; and if the man of science will only read them in a spirit of fairness, he will be convinced that the farmer's hesitation to accept his conclusions arises rather from a want of acquaintance with those conclusions, and with the scientific principles on which they are based, than from any other cause. They will be found, indeed, in general, to lack that accurate knowledge of chemistry which the laboratory alone can give; but they frequently manifest an effort to place the results of experience within the region of scientific law, and they will be found to recognise chemical principles as holding an important place in human knowledge. It is usually admitted that these principles must sway agricultural practice, and should therefore guide the inquiries and regulate the action of the experimenting farmer.

This observation, not intended of course to apply to papers contributed to those journals by professional chemists, might be illustrated by reference to many a prize essay, and to many a contribution from men belonging to the agricultural class, tenants as well as landlords. One of these will be in point, from the interest of the question raised in it, no less than from the associations connected with the name of its author. The late distinguished President of the Royal Agricultural Society, in one of his latest contributions to its Journal, gave the results of his experiments on nitrate of soda as a manure. The method of his investigations might have been open to some slight chemical criticism, but the result was decisive. The mineral theory, as has been seen, throws upon the air, or upon the ingredients of the manure which are organic in their origin, the task of furnishing nitrogen to the plant. Physiological chemistry had traced this nitrogen with certainty to the ammonia present in the air, and in decomposing nitrogenous matter; and it had not succeeded in tracing it to nitric acid. It has hitherto, therefore, suspended its judgment as to whether other compounds of nitrogen can yield their store of this important element to the plant. Liebig had not, till very recently, seen reason to accept the assertion that nitric acid possesses a plant-feeding power of this nature. Recognising the important influence of nitrate of soda as a dressing to green crops, he leaves it an open question whether the nitrogen or the soda which it contains is the energizing ingredient. It might, indeed, be an interesting inquiry whether, in nearly all cases, it is not ultimately from ammonia that nitric acid itself is derived. Professor Voelcker, a sound chemist—certainly as good an agricultural chemist as any in the country,—holds that not only is the nitrogen of nitric acid assimilated by plants, but that they find it in this form in the bulk of the nitrogenous manures applied to the soil. If this be the case, it is probable that we have as yet only followed the nitrogen one step further than we had done before, in its progress towards forming the azotised constituents of the plant. There are but two known operative sources of nitric acid in nature. The one is, the repeated passage of the electric spark through a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen—a form of chemical action whose grandest expression is in the lightning flash discharged by the thunder-cloud through the atmosphere—by which, however, only comparatively minute quantities of nitric acid can be formed; and the other is the chemical process of nitrification. Stores of nitric acid also exist in the earth as nitrate of soda, the origin of whose acid has been variously traced to one or other of these natural sources. Kuhlman, the best authority on nitrification,

holds that, when fixed alkaline (potash and soda) carbonates are not the nitrifying agents—and therefore in the case of nitrogenous manures—the source of the nitric acid is the ammonia first produced in the process of putrefaction. On the other hand, as regards the enormous amounts of nitric acid asserted to exist in the air by Professor Way and M. Rawal,—the existence of which is supposed to be traced to the lightning of thunderstorms,—we have the recommendation of the former gentleman to accept his result with the greatest reserve, while the latter operated upon the atmosphere of Paris, into which every gas-burner pours its quota of nitric acid, not to mention other sources from which it might spring in an industrial city.

In the air, then, and in ordinary manures, it still seems more probable that ammonia is the ultimate source of plant-feeding nitrogen. In nitrate of soda, however, it would appear that we have likewise a source of this all-important element—the element, be it remembered, on which depend the fibrinous, albuminous, gaseous, and gelatinous parts of animal organisms, and the ingredients analogous to the first three in vegetable ones. The practical question remains for the agriculturist to ascertain at what period of growth, and to what particular plants, such manures are to be applied with most advantage. Whether nitrate of soda may not also act to some extent by its solvent action on other salts—a power which it possesses in a not inconsiderable degree—may be also a question of interest, as pointing to another function which may be discharged by manures. The experiments recently made by M. Ville, with a view to prove the direct assimilation by plants of the nitrogen in the air, have no importance for the farmer, from the small amount so stated to be assimilated, though they demand circumspect attention from the vegetable physiologist. The twin-question with this of the source of nitrogen in vegetables—that, namely, of the source of carbon, and of the action of carbonic acid, and of humus—scarcely requires so much comment. There can be no serious question that all decomposing organic matter adds carbonic acid to that brought down by the rain-water from the air, and that this carbonic acid has a double function. On the one hand, it affords carbon to the plant—the carbonic acid being absorbed as well in solution by the root, as from the air by the leaf; and, on the other hand, it acts as a solvent of those mineral ingredients of the soil which form, as has been seen, its true wealth, and are vitally necessary for the plant's existence.

Let it be remembered that in these questions physiological chemistry has done a great deal, but that more remains to be done in all of them, and that careful experiment is sure to yield facts for science and results for practice. And let it be especially borne in mind, that, though Liebig has given his opinion on these points, his mineral theory is independent of the question of the sources of carbon and nitrogen in plants. That theory asserts that these elements are obtained from sources ultimately extraneous to the soil itself, and form no part of its true capital, but may be used by the farmer as his most potent auxiliaries in turning this capital to account, or exhausting it, as the case may be—whether he introduce them to the land in manures, or enable the land to gather them for itself from the air, by pulverizing and opening it to the continual agency of atmospheric influences. On any points of uncertainty, to the solution of which chemistry and physiology have not as yet made pretension, the chemist and the physiologist may well look to the future pages of the Journals of various agricultural societies, confident of finding facts on which to base scientific deductions. But the value of such facts will obviously be proportionate to the skill, and to the amount of that natural logic—common sense—by which the experiments which establish them shall have been planned and executed, no less than to the scientific education and practical experience of him who makes them. It were no difficult matter, indeed, to illustrate this by many instances, culled from various agricultural Journals, both of good and of faulty experiment—of careful and modest reasoning, and of hasty and unwise generalization or confused deduction.

[To be continued.]

REVIEWS.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT ON ENGLISH INSTITUTIONS.*

IN the November number of the *Correspondant*, a periodical principally devoted to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church, M. de Montalembert has published the first portion of an able and eloquent defence of English institutions. Few, even among the loudest of our indigenous grumblers, understand how literally the Continent takes us at our word when we protest that we are at the point of ruin. One powerful newspaper, with the aid of one clever correspondent, has convinced all Europe that our warlike power has proved itself a fiction or a tradition. History contends at a disadvantage against a daily journal; yet ancient and modern experience have demonstrated that, among the pre-eminent advantages of liberty, there is none more uniform than the superiority of free States over military

* *Le Correspondant. Nouvelle Série. Tome i. 2^e Livraison. 25 Novembre, 1855. Paris: Charles Douniol.*

monarchies in fertility of resources and in pertinacity of purpose. At this moment, the English fleets, wholly manned by volunteers, constitute the greatest naval force which ever commanded the seas. In less than two years from the commencement of an unexpected war, probably 80,000 English soldiers have been landed on the enemy's coast, 2000 miles off; and two great victories have been won, mainly by English efforts. The whole establishment of the army has been re-organized, and the defects of long inexperience have been remedied. Foreign legions are rapidly enrolling themselves under our banner, and a powerful Turkish force, in our pay, is ready for the ensuing campaign. English officers have shown our allies how to defend the approaches of Kars, and have assisted in leading them across the Ingour. Yet, after all these exertions, the spirit of the country is still elastic, and its resources untouched. From the beginning of the war no serious reverse has been sustained, nor has the national unanimity been for a moment interrupted. Nevertheless, as M. de Montalembert truly says, the Continent is asking what is to become of England? and the adherents of King Bomba triumphantly join with the disciples of Ledru Rollin in answering that England, positively for the last time, is on the verge of destruction.

There is still, however, even abroad, a rational minority, which believes that freedom, once esteemed the chief good, is not altogether a mockery, and that the only free European State of the first order may still possess some elements of vitality. The prevalent popular delusion would be most effectually corrected if it were possible to *Russellize* the Russian share in the late campaign. Gross frauds, strategic mistakes, almost incalculable losses, would produce a singular effect on public opinion if there were a *Continental Times* to proclaim the decadence of the Northern Colossus. In 1814, the contingent furnished by England to the Coalition, in men and money, independently of the exclusive occupation of every sea, more than equalled the collective efforts of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Bavaria, and the minor German States. Lord Castlereagh stated the fact dispassionately in a letter to one of his colleagues; but he never thought it worth while to contradict the loud boasting of the Russians that Alexander was the Liberator of Europe. The King of Prussia, whose contingent was far larger and incomparably more efficient than that of Russia, was equally willing to allow precedence to his Imperial ally. Popular belief and popular history have preserved the tradition to the present time; and, in the same manner, future political creeds will be based on the harmony which prevails between the excessive candour of Mr. Russell and the excessive prudence of the *Invalide Russe*.

M. de Montalembert abstains from entering into questions of military statistics. He expresses his disapprobation of our foreign policy, but he justly regards the inquiry as to the alleged decay of English greatness, as independent of casual and transitory events. It may be assumed that the ancient fabric can only perish from internal causes of dissolution. Hostile feeling and ignorance find little difficulty in discovering symptoms of a catastrophe which they are ready to applaud; but M. de Montalembert possesses qualifications of a different kind—he knows England, he knows English, and he considers regulated constitutional freedom the only worthy form of civilization. It is needless to ask whether his political faith is necessarily deduced from his religious zeal. In a former work, the brilliant orator who now finds himself reduced to involuntary silence undertook to prove that political liberty was necessary to the development of Roman Catholic supremacy. The Jesuit Fathers not long since officially assured the King of Naples that their tenets had always included a preference for absolute monarchy; and the French priesthood hailed the *coup d'état* with an enthusiasm which seemed more genuine than the zeal which they had previously displayed in supporting the Revolution of February. But whatever may be the leaning of M. de Montalembert's friends, or the tendency of their doctrines, there is no doubt that he is sincere in his appreciation of English liberty, and that he understands both the foundations on which it rests, and the securities for national greatness which it affords. He fully comprehends the illusion which freedom of speech produces on those who are accustomed to restrictions on political discussion. From long habit, Englishmen have acquired the faculty of talking with a laxity which they carefully abstain from putting in action. They are thoroughly illogical, says their present critic and eulogist, pointing out a characteristic which was long since observed by Mr. Carlyle. It never occurs to the national mind that a constitutional formula must be carried out at the expense of an inconvenient result. It might even be said that a wholesome instinct has multiplied theoretical rules possessing every gradation of force, from the most literal reality to the purest fiction. No country is blessed with a greater number of political dogmas; but the various propositions of the constitutional theory have never been reduced to systematic unity. The same habit of mind, confirmed by long experience of the stability of our institutions, has encouraged the popular tendency to discuss public affairs in a tone of censure or of despondency. "France, too," says M. de Montalembert, "allowed herself this pleasure in the days of Parliamentary tyranny; but she has no reason to congratulate herself on her amusement. We have so often said so much ill of ourselves to ourselves that at last we have been taken at our word, and treated, especially in England, as people absolutely

incapable of producing or preserving liberal institutions." It would not be amiss if our own grumbler would take warning by the example of France. The factious nonsense with which the Opposition journals persecuted Louis-Philippe and his Government may easily be paralleled in England. Although we are not yet in danger of sacrificing a dynasty and a constitution to vague discontents, we have, within a few months, wantonly thrown away, by our unfounded confessions of failure, the effect which the exploits of our Crimean army were calculated to produce upon Europe. Sensible men would rather be convicted of idle words than of thoughtless acts; but it is not absolutely indispensable that we should even talk nonsense.

In a long and able analysis of English institutions, M. de Montalembert dwells on the aristocratic elements of the system as the chief security of freedom. Too well-informed to mistake the peerage for the aristocracy, he nevertheless praises, perhaps in excessive terms, the energy and pliability with which the members of ancient families contrive to identify themselves with the political and social movements of modern times. He truly remarks, however, that while the peers take an active part in general politics and in legislation, the gentry and the upper classes carry on the entire local administration in the rural districts. Prefects and sub-prefects, with all their train of subordinates, are unknown in a country which has its unpaid magistrates, its turnpike trustees, and its deputy-lieutenants. The visible increase of bureaucracy forms the principal danger against which our foreign censor advises us to take precautions. Individual independence and local influence form, in truth, no small portion of that aggregate which is called liberty. The indifference of French democrats to personal freedom has often been noticed. In 1848, when a rabble of Socialists was in search of institutions to destroy, it never occurred to any party to put down that wonderful passport system, by which every denizen of Continental Europe, wherever he goes, is ticketed and registered for his destination.

The basis of our whole national system is the freedom to dispose of property by will. Foreigners suppose that England is oppressed by a law of primogeniture; and Mr. Locke King could quote a dozen instances of supposed injustice arising from the intestacy of a landowner. In practice, however, the custom of preferring eldest sons is wholly voluntary. The most plebeian purchaser of a landed estate sees that it would lose its value by minute subdivision, and wishes to secure a successor to his name and position. The opposite practice in those American States in which a similar freedom is established, results probably from economical rather than from social causes. A large estate is useless in a country where tenants are not to be procured, and where labourers can scarcely be hired.

It is well to be reminded from time to time of the conditions of that freedom of which England at present possesses a monopoly. There is as yet no serious cause for alarm; but it cannot be denied that arguments in favour of despotism and centralization have of late years been received with undue toleration. The most liberal politicians have not resisted the temptation of sneering at the cumbrous securities which have always been indispensable to liberty. Happily, the old institutions of England are not to be talked away. If there is a fashion of praising despotism, the fashion will pass, while the causes of freedom remain. Horace Walpole often announced the establishment of despotism under the terrible George II. Fox habitually designated George III. by the formula of Dante—

La dove si puote
Cio che si vuole—

and he sometimes affected to doubt whether he would not prefer the milder tyranny of Napoleon. The Georges are dead; and although we have unfortunately no Horace Walpole, Lord John Russell preserves unbroken the pure Foxite tradition. There is reason to hope that, a century hence, posterity will still be trembling, like ourselves, on the verge of ruin.

MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WORKS.*

WHEN a writer of *feuilletons* comes before the public with his "collected works," he challenges that critical verdict to which fugitive pieces are scarcely amenable. We do not think of awarding to peccadilloes, for which a night in the watchhouse and a five-shilling fine are a sufficient punishment, the heavier retribution of corruption of blood and forfeiture of goods. The writers in the "comic" weekly press, and in most magazines, may well be content with their merited though transient successes, if they can escape the heavier judgment which a printed volume challenges. The policy of republishing scraps is questionable. Mr. Charles Dickens, with all his popularity, reads better on the railway than in the study; and even Mr. Thackeray can scarcely be congratulated on the amount of permanent fame which will attend the formal volume of his fugitive pieces and occasional ballads. Mr. Douglas Jerrold is also republishing his "works;" and we ask, therefore, what are his qualifications to edify or instruct mankind? He writes for posterity—what are his services to contemporaneous morality?

The question is perhaps hardly worth putting seriously. The

* *The Writings of Douglas Jerrold. Collected Edition. St. Giles and St. James, &c. vols. i. ii. iii., &c. Bradbury and Evans.*

author of Mrs. Caudle's *Curtain Lectures* might well be left to the immortality which he enjoys among apprentices and school girls. But in his more sustained works he at least illustrates a principle. He sets up for a moral teacher, and writes for an object. He professes a large ethical view. He is the chief of the high sentimental school of the day. He is the greatest living professor of the cynical code of morality. He thinks that virtue can be taught by sneers—that charity is to be recommended by gibes and sarcasms. He illustrates the beauty of philanthropy by sardonic bitterness; and affects to think that sinners are to be mocked and twisted into sobriety, sympathy, and mercy. So intensely does he feel the dangers of hypocrisy that he never sees virtue without a high-minded resolve to convict it of a sham. Religion he only scrutinizes for its pretences; and charity is clearly most in his line when he is tearing off its cloak and plucking at its vizor. He shows his large-minded reverence for the poor by representing every gentleman as a scoundrel; and human misery and wickedness are the objects of his amiable but slightly venomous solicitude, chiefly because they furnish topics for showing up every nobleman as a profligate, all lawyers as thieves, and peeresses as, for the most part, addicted to sly intrigue and insolent gambling.

Mr. Jerrold deals in typical men. His young lord is always a seducer—his young pickpocket a Grandison-Turpin—his penitents must be prostitutes, and his pattern-ruffians must be of sixteen quarterings. He recommends virtue by invariably connecting it with cellars and oppression; and he thinks proper never to speak of vice except in connexion with education, birth, and twenty shillings in the pound. All his rogues are gentlemen, and all his gentlemen are rogues. If any of his characters are men of means, they have acquired fortune by wickedness; and in his eyes, poverty is the invariable result of the rich man's contumely and the landlord's hard-heartedness. He soothes the thousand ills of humanity by a copious application of vitriolic sentiment. He would regenerate society by a vigorous course of escharotic charity; and he thinks that avarice and selfishness are only to be remedied by homilies dripping with the caustic and quicklime of irony and taunt. All his sermons are drenched with quassia. His lamb is garnished with bitter herbs. With keen enjoyment of ulcers, he loves to expose the vices of our social state, and he has an evident relish for cancers and putrefying sores.

We own to a considerable distrust of these charnel-house prophets and teachers. Sterne was an eminent master in the art which is cultivated by Mr. Jerrold; and posterity has pronounced with tolerable emphasis on his claims as a moral teacher. We do not charge Mr. Jerrold with exhibiting in his own person those miserable characteristics which disgrace the author of the *Sentimental Journey*. In every private relation of life we make no doubt of his entire sincerity. Doubtless, he is a kind neighbour, courteous and bland in all social intercourses, a genial friend, and an admirable contrast to the selfish heartlessness which he so keenly ridicules and describes. We only deal with him as a public teacher. Here is his *St. Giles and St. James*. As a work of art, this tale makes no pretences. The author does not, though a dramatist, affect to conduct a story. He only seeks to daguerreotype society as it is. And herein, in his own line, we must consider Mr. Jerrold inferior to those whom he emulates—M. Sue, and Mr. Reynolds, the Chartist. The former is more lively, and the latter better at a plot. The *Mysteries of Paris* is a more readable, and, abating its obscenity, the *Mysteries of the Court* a better novel. If there is any moral in the most elaborate fiction of Mr. Jerrold, it is that the hulks and the House of Correction are the seed-plot for generosity, fidelity, constancy, and self-respect; and that to be highly educated, well nurtured, and born of respectable or noble stock is a certain guarantee for all the vices that can stain humanity. The only conception of marriage between equals which Mr. Jerrold condescends to form is legalized adultery. A peeress can only acquire her social position by being sold as a white slave—domestic peace and maternal affection are impossible in a household the master of which has a balance at his banker's—and constancy and virtuous love are hothouse plants, only to be found in the cellars of Whitechapel, and the unhealthy garrets of "the oppressed victims of labour and monopoly." In the *Story of a Feather*, the mark of a countess is that she commits petty larceny, and according to Mr. Jerrold's experience of life as it is in England, all lords are addicted to gambling and the foulest of vices.

It is our real belief, however, though it hardly tallies with Mr. Jerrold's experience, that human kindness is to be found out of the pale of the parish workhouse and prison cells, and that, to recommend the holiness of chastity, there is no occasion to represent it as always starving and in rags. We have actually met with tradesmen who are not swindlers, and with men who, while they profess to believe, seriously try to practise at least some of the commandments. Whatever may be the result of Mr. Jerrold's studies in the morbid anatomy of morals, history does not present every bishop as a sensualist, nor does it prove that a clean shirt always covers an unclean conscience. We are far from denying that a barmaid, as in *St. Giles and St. James*, may be a Lucretia; but in the name of common honesty, why must a lord be always a Lovelace or a Chartres? If a nobleman decorates his parish church, why

should it be remarked that "the organ, be it known, was given by the house of St. James for a political purpose; thus adroitly blending the music of party with the music of religion"? (*St. Giles and St. James*, p. 212.) If a clergyman, by the necessity of the story, happens to have a divinity library, is it requisite to add that his books were only bought to be looked at? If a curate is introduced, is it impossible to give him a better occupation than flirting and swearing? In describing the genus tradesman, is it absolutely true to fact that, as a class, "they are always ready, in the way of business, to wipe the shoes of a customer in the counting-house, and yet ring the servant to poke the fire at home"? (*ibid.* p. 339.) Is it the characteristic of a village apothecary, merely because "he attends the great house," that he combines, from the especial necessity of the case, the qualifications of toady and pander? It may be all very well to enforce the moral lesson that "St. James in his brocade may occasionally learn of St. Giles in his tatters," but is there no cynicism, no misanthropic philanthropy, no sardonic charity in the story which always plants vice in the boudoir, and makes virtue necessarily blossom on the laystall? Diogenes, with more than Plato's pride, trampled on the pride of Plato, and on his philosophy at the same time. That society sins against the thief may be a terrible truth; but the fact is not rendered more impressive by harping on the loathsome theme that all respectability is but hypocrisy, and all religion cant. Given a man of four hundred a year—and, according to Mr. Jerrold, the chances are ten to one that he is a thief. Given a pickpocket or a harlot—and it will be hard if he or she is not less in fault than our social state. This is the sum and substance of all Mr. Jerrold's writings. This theme, a perilous one at the best, is his view of modern society. The truth, if such it is, is partial and one-sided. The vice of our sentimental moralists is in their generalizing on this loathsome ideal. The temper which looks out for proofs of this melancholy conclusion can scarcely be a humane, or even a human one. The doctrine is simply false as a matter of experience. The induction is incomplete and hasty. Mephistopheles, the mocker, dilates upon this view, and we make Mr. Jerrold a present of his teacher. In one of his prefaces, Mr. Jerrold thinks proper to compare himself to a "hedgehog who rolls himself in grapes, and walks off with the fallen berries on his prickles." (*Men of Character*, p. 9.) We accept the comparison, and though perhaps we might think sour grapes more congenial with Mr. Jerrold's acrid tastes than the ripe clusters of autumn, we can quite understand his or any other hedgehog's delight in bruising and defiling the bloom and beauty of the vineyard of mankind, and in fouling the wine which maketh glad the heart of man.

LILLIESLEAF.*

SIX years is a long time to keep alive in the mind the memory of a novel, unless it be a work of unmistakeable genius. Mrs. Margaret Maitland evidently considers her Autobiography to have been one of this class, or she would scarcely have ventured to give us, in *Lilliesleaf*, a tale which it would not be possible to understand without a perfect recollection of her former work. We do not happen, however, to be aware that it was so deeply interesting as to have left a very vivid and abiding impression upon those who read it, or that it created such a *furore* about the lady as to make the world exceedingly desirous to have a further account of her sayings, doings, and belongings. Speaking for ourselves, we can only say that, when we had recourse to the circulating library for the purpose of refreshing our memory, the first recollection which her pages brought back was that of the tedium and drowsiness which the garrulous old lady had inflicted upon us, and which, we regret to say, *Lilliesleaf* has made us suffer in even a greater degree.

All the world, at least that small portion of it which may have been inveigled into reading Mrs. Maitland's autobiography, are aware that she professes to be a Scotchwoman. But anything more unlike a genuine Scotch nature than that which she unfolds to us it would not be easy to conceive; while such Scotch expressions as she makes use of would drive the shade of Burns to despair, and curl Walter Scott's lip with a sneer of contempt. Compare but a single page of her writing with one of Galt's; how racy, genuine, and idiomatic is his language—how forced and tame is hers. What a foreign kind of twang there is about it. A few quaint and obsolete Scottisms, many slips in grammar, mixed up with language that savours strongly of the *Mary Powell* school, form the ingredients of a dish which she presents to us as a veritable Scotch haggis—a thing it no more resembles than it does an English plum-pudding. "I never great at phrasing;" "high fantastical;" "I had said positive to her;" "Maggie will admire to see mamma;" "You must learn to speak pretty"—these specimens, taken at random, will serve to show what her idea of the Scotch idiom is, and how entirely she is at fault in supposing that such expressions bear any likeness to it. "Truly" is a word in which she must also imagine great virtue consists, since she uses it, on a moderate computation, five hundred times in the course of her story.

As for the narrative, it is but a continuation of the history contained in the earlier volumes. The *dramatis persona* consists of two model wives, one model husband, one model Scotch

* *Lilliesleaf*, being a concluding series of *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside*. Written by Herself. London. 1855.

pastor and his wife, two normal nurseries of model children, one model Scotch servant, and one model old lady, *i.e.*, Mrs. Maitland herself. By way of mint-sauce to all this lamb, we have one disagreeable old woman, one Jane Eyre style of young lady with a gentleman to match, and one thoughtless husband given to a liking for society. The manner in which this gentleman's reformation is effected, and his extravagant tastes corrected, is, to say the least of it, very curious. His wife, to whom he owes his conversion, will not at first countenance him in his pursuits, but stays at home with her children while he is enjoying himself abroad. All at once she changes her tactics, pretends that she has suddenly acquired a taste for fashionable society, accompanies her husband to town, and plunges into all the dissipation of a London season. When she has nearly brought him and herself to the brink of ruin, and horrified him with the prospect, she reveals to him, in the most approved melodramatic style, what has been her motive through it all—viz., the opening of his eyes. She tells him that “he knows she has not spared herself; that she has been ingenious in making expenses—in living as people who have ten times their means and prospects.” “I confess it all, openly and plainly,” she concludes; “I have wasted your substance without sparing, and with my eyes open; and now, my husband, Cosmo’s father, you are my judge!” Whereto follow repentance of the husband, laudation of the wife, and a Paradisiacal life for both ever after. But we would not counsel any of our lady friends, in like circumstances, to follow Mrs. Elphinstone’s example. It is just possible that the result might not be exactly the same in all cases.

The flighty young lady and gentleman to whom we have already alluded are of course intended to be highly original conceptions; and if by originality be meant something totally unlike what we may expect to meet with in real life, Mrs. Maitland has succeeded to admiration. Miss Rhoda Maitland’s idiosyncrasy consists in a perpetual fancy for killing herself and for hating other people. “I hated them all,” she exclaims. “I was very near killing myself one time, but I thought they would be glad to get rid of me, so I did not do it.” Really! how amiable and considerate! “Did you ever make up your mind to kill yourself?” she inquires of her pendant, Mr. Bernard. Rather a curious question for a young lady to put to a gentleman on his first introduction to her. However, he seems to have something of the same sanguinary propensity as herself—only that, in his case, it is directed against others, for he informs Rhoda, “with a kind of haughty mirthfulness,” that “there are some people whom he should feel a strong theoretical pleasure in shooting down.”

“One never is quite miserable if one is doing anything,” said Rhoda (to Mr. Bernard), with her serious face. “That was what made me think of killing myself, for it was always something to be busy about, and then to think what everybody would say—how shocked they would have been at Oakenshaw,—there would be good fun in that.”

Original sentiments these, to be entertained by a young lady arrived at what are generally considered years of discretion. But ladies of Miss Rhoda’s class are quite beyond our comprehension, especially when they rise to such flights as the following:—

“I wish you would beat me, or hurt me—will you? I should like to be ill, or have a fever, or something to put me in great pain... I am nobody here—nobody ever takes the trouble to be angry with me, and I cannot hate you all, either, though I wish I could. Oh! old Lady—go away!”

She rather contradicts herself, however, in another passage, where we find her saying,—

“I hated papa when he tried to punish me. I should hate any one who did so, I am sure I should. What is that horrible pain for? You never try to tell me that. I would not suffer it. I would kill myself, and have it over, if it was me.

Surely this is a very peculiar description of lady for a gentleman to fall in love with; yet Mr. Bernard, “the grand-looking lad,” “sitting alway very silent taking notes of other folks,” and possessed of a “grand manner,” does fall in love; and the love-making between the two is as original and true to nature as the rest of their characters.

We do not mean to say that the whole of these three volumes is made up of materials like these; there are better passages here and there, but they are generally so mingled with rubbish that it is not easy to give a specimen entirely free from dross. We have, however, done our best; how far we have been successful, we leave it to our readers to determine:—

At last it chanced that looking up, I saw tears coming, quiet and gentle from Mary’s een. She noted not that I saw her: the bairn’s heart was griot with her own thoughts.

“Allan!” she said; and then Mary made a stop; and the tears—which I saw were not the bitter tears of present trouble, but soft, like them that belong to an old and sacred grief. “I was thinking of the time when God came last to Lilliesleaf, and took His gift away.”

Mr. Allan started at the first sound of her voice and lookit up. The heart of the young man was as tender as a bairn’s, and seeing he was thinking of other, and of far different things, the thought of this came on him unawares. My own een were blind that I scarce could see; but I heard that him who was the father of two bairns departed among the angels, burst out for a moment into a strong sob and a cry, minding upon the sore pang of that departing: and syne rose up in his haste, and took his wife intil his arms, and cried out to her, that this was but care and trouble of the world, and that neither loss nor death had come to Lilliesleaf.

We would gladly stay our hand here, and through this passage leave an agreeable impression on the minds of our readers. But

we feel that it is our duty, before we conclude, to enter our protest against books like these. We may be told that they are harmless. Our answer is that nothing which is false can be innocent—that any books which present to us unreal and impossible views of life must be prejudicial—and that everything which fosters sentimentality or a desire to imitate eccentric originalities like Miss Rhoda, in so far as they can be imitated, must of necessity be hurtful, especially to young people, so much of whose daily food, alas! consists of works of fiction. If authors and critics were somewhat more heedful of their responsibilities, the shelves of circulating libraries would cease to be loaded with books, so many of which, whilst apparently innocent in tendency, are really full of spurious religion and false morality.

THE SENSES AND THE INTELLECT.*

MR. BAIN has been following the direction of the earlier labours of Mr. John Stuart Mill. What Mr. Mill accomplished for Logie, Mr. Bain has essayed to perform for Psychology—namely, to reconstruct it on a natural basis. Mental science has a constant tendency to *finality*. It assumes that to be fixed which is only provisional—it treats distinctions made by men as if they were divisions made by nature—it substitutes system for facts, and words for things. Close attention to almost any of the usual classifications of the human faculties will show us that they are “quite unequal to the subtlety of nature;” that the notions on which they are based “are confused and carelessly abstracted from things;” that there is therefore “no solidity in the superstructure;” that the terms and ideas relating to the mind are for the most part “fantastical and ill-defined.” To the inquirer who would begin afresh, two methods are open—the one metaphysical, the other inductive. The metaphysical method, disdaining the accumulation of new facts and experience, sets the mind to dive into itself, and, out of the common facts of consciousness, to evolve new laws and definitions. Now, it is obvious that this method must always, to some extent, accompany the other; for the human mind not being, like the mineral or vegetable kingdom, entirely external to us, but also internal, we naturally explain and help out the facts perceived with regard to the minds of others, by examining what we feel in ourselves. But if the metaphysical course alone be pursued, not only will the most penetrating genius be required to effect any result, but the results, when acquired, will be likely to be somewhat insecure. For instance, it is the tendency of metaphysical systems of psychology to rank among the inherent faculties, or “necessary forms of the mind,” notions which an examination of the facts of the case leads us to see can quite as well be explained as having been acquired by experience.

Mr. Bain proceeds almost purely on the inductive method, and his volume presents us with a vast accumulation of phenomena, classified and arranged as the basis of his theories. This constitutes a great charm of the book. We can hardly open a page without lighting on some fact attractive to any one who feels an interest in these subjects. Evidently more careful about things than about words, Mr. Bain does not aim at abstract accuracy in his definitions. In defining mind, intellect, &c., he rather indicates or describes than logically defines. To use the old logical formula, he assigns the *differentia* without assigning the *genus*. He justly implies that the complete and formal definition of mind, thought, or consciousness in their relation to the body and to the external world, must come last instead of first in mental science, and that, in the present state of our knowledge, such a definition is impossible. Hence his procedure is in the highest degree natural. One is struck with the simplicity—we might almost say the *naïveté*—of his mode of treating his subject. He is equally free from the jargon of the schools and from any peculiar phraseology of his own invention; and one can follow the train of his argument without either the assistance or the obstruction of *object* and *subject*, *concept* and *idea*, *presentation* and *representation*, and the rest of the psychological machinery. This natural method of writing enables him to avoid many a controversy which might otherwise have entangled him. Thus, at the outset, as he conceives “that the time has now come when many of the striking discoveries of physiologists relative to the nervous system should find a recognised place in the science of mind”—and as he accordingly devotes a chapter to the physiology of the brain and the nerves—the question of materialism seemed lying in wait for him. But Mr. Bain quietly eludes it. He by no means pretends to settle the relation of mind to body, whether as cause or effect. He contents himself with speaking of parts of the body as “among the organs of mind.” The following summary of his physiological considerations may serve the reader as a fair specimen of his style. It also contains what, to many persons, may be a new view of the local habitation of the mind:—

The current character of the nerve force leads to a considerable departure from the common mode of viewing the position of the brain as the organ of mind. The organ of mind is not the brain by itself; it is the brain, nerves, muscles, and organs of sense. It is, therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, an entire misconception to talk of a *sensorium* within the brain, a *sanctum sanctorum* or inner chamber, where impressions are poured in and stored up, to be reproduced in a future day. There is no such chamber, no such

mode of reception of outward influence. A stimulus or sensation acting on the brain exhausts itself in the production of a number of transmitted currents or influences; while the stimulus is alive, these continue, and when these have ceased, the impression is exhausted. The revival of the impression is the setting on of the currents anew; such currents show themselves in actuating the bodily members,—the voice, the eyes, the features,—in productive action, or in mere expression and gesture. The currents may have all degrees of intensity, from the fury of a death struggle to the languor of a half-sleeping reverie, or the fitful flashes of a dream, but their nature is still the same. We must thus discard for ever the notion of the *sensorium commune*, the cerebral closet, as a central seat of mind, or receptacle of sensation and imagery. We may be very far from comprehending the full and exact character of nerve force, but the knowledge we have gained is sufficient to destroy the hypothesis that has until lately prevailed as to the material processes of perception. Though we have not attained a final understanding of this obscure and complicated machinery, we can at least substitute a more exact view for a less; and such is the substitution now demanded of current action for the crude conception of a central receptacle of stored up impressions. Our present insight enables us to say with great probability, no currents, no mind.

While we say that Mr. Bain avoids controversy, it must be added that some subjects of controversy naturally force themselves upon him, and he is obliged to declare for one side or the other. Thus, with regard to space and time, he is quite against regarding these as "*a priori* forms of the mind." In short, we may say that his tendency is, as far as possible, to consider our notions the result of experience, rather than as inherent—as the result of the complication of originally simple impressions. And this view, whatever the metaphysicians may say, is one which is more and more borne out by facts. On the question of *causation*, Mr. Bain goes perhaps too simply to work. He speaks of it as a notion derived entirely from our observation of the succession of things; whereas it has been more than once shown that our notion of causation applies to phenomena where there is no idea of succession whatever. Mr. Bain is not wrong on the whole, but he might have refined somewhat on this point. He is excellent in his argument as to the existence of an external world, and in his examination of Sir W. Hamilton's *Theory of the Inverse Relation between Sensation and Perception*. Agreeing partly with this law, he shows that the facts exhibit a greater degree of complexity than it expresses. His investigations on this point are a perfect specimen of unbiased inductive reasoning, applied to mental science. System and completeness are the foible of philosophers. It is hard to acknowledge that a law will not entirely hold—that it is unequal to the complexity of facts. Mr. Bain's merit is that he has conquered this difficulty, and has rendered himself free from the hankering after finality. Hence, his great achievement is not this or that particular innovation, but rather the whole aspect and position into which he has reduced the science. His present volume on the *Senses and the Intellect* is to be followed by one on the *Emotions and the Will*. It is obvious, then, that the higher and more difficult part of his subject remains yet to be accomplished. In reading what has appeared, we have had a slight sense that Mr. Bain's treatment of the intellect is too mechanical; but this may very possibly receive its explanation and its complement, when the deeper phenomena of Personality, the Will, and the Moral Feelings are drawn out. We expect much from his calm and scientific treatment of these subjects. The present volume is not only interesting and attractive, but it gives us a feeling of respect for the moral character of the writer.

PILGRIMAGE TO EL MEDINA AND MECCA.*

AT the present day, when we have become utterly weary of the narratives of English gentlemen touring in the East—when we are sick of hearing the impressions which the sight of a turbaned Turk first makes on a hatted Frank—when the West is in the ascendant at Stamboul, and, judging from its own point of view, pronounces Moslem civilization to be mean, effete, and barbarous—it is a real relief to fall upon a book like Mr. Burton's, which shows us what the Moslems are to each other in private life, and not to the Christians, whom they too often despise in their hearts, and hate as infidels even while fearing and serving them. Mr. Burton writes like a man imbued with the feelings of Arabs, among whom he has lived naturalized and unsuspected; and he relates his pilgrimage to the holy places of El Islam, which he undertook with a keenly observant, but in no mocking spirit. There is much that gives real value to the book. In the first place, it describes with measurements, plans, and pictures, that holy place which not more than half-a-dozen Christians have ever succeeded in entering, and of which not one has had opportunities of bringing back an account which can compare in minuteness to the present one. Then there is the eastern air of the whole work, in which we are never reminded as we read it that the writer is alien to those whom he describes. And lastly, there are the adventurous experiences of an English gentleman, who, to further his purpose, lays aside the advantages of his position and nationality, and willingly dons the disguise of a wandering dervish, with a pea-green medicine-chest and corresponding accoutrements, that he may associate more freely with the small sheikhs and petty shopkeepers of Cairo. With these and others of the same stamp he lives on equal and intimate terms, and none the less so because he has been born and brought up within the pale of a more polished civilization.

* *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medina and Mecca.* By Richard J. Burton, Lieutenant, Bombay Army. Longman and Co.

Indeed, throughout the volume, we make the acquaintance of his friends as *men*, and never think about their social rank. There is one fault in Mr. Burton's writing—namely, that, cosmopolite as he is, he uses phrases in all varieties of modern language, not, we may be sure, from ostentation, but apparently because, knowing other languages, just as well as his own, he chooses that in which the expression he seeks first chances to occur to his memory.

Our author favours us with an analysis of his idiosyncrasy which is both curious and original. He describes himself as—

A composition of what phrenologists call "inhabitiveness and locality," equally and largely developed. After a long and toilsome march, weary of the way, the traveller drops into the nearest place of rest, to become the most domestic of men. For awhile he smokes the "pipe of permanence" with an infinite zest; he enjoys dining at a fixed dinner-hour; but soon the passive fit has passed away, he loses appetite, he walks about his room all night, he yawns at conversation, a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so, or die.

The narrative of the volume is as follows:—Mr. Burton, having distinguished himself in India as an Oriental linguist, and having mastered a most varied range of accomplishments, desired to explore the unknown Arabian peninsula. The geographical questions connected with that country have ever been most interesting, while the author also estimated highly the commercial importance of opening an intercourse between its central markets and the sea-coast opposite India; and he volunteered to the Royal Geographical Society of London to undertake the expedition. However, a release from his duties as an officer was not to be obtained for longer than a year; and as the enterprise seemed hazardous, the authorities refused his request. Consequently, he determined on a shorter excursion to Mecca and Medina. If successful there, further travel would be easy in comparison, as he would have earned the title of a *Hadj*; while the interest attaching to a more accurate knowledge of these two cities was in itself a sufficient inducement for the expedition. His *incognito* was mainly preserved by the following expedients. He embarked as a Persian on board the steamer from Constantinople to Alexandria, carefully practising Oriental demeanour on the voyage. On landing, he went, according to agreement, straight to the house of an English friend who holds office under the Viceroy, and he was lodged in a kind of summer-house, to avoid intrusive observation. But the taint of Western civilization clung to him, and a suspicious dragoman remarked, "*Voila un Persian débâle dégagé.*" His friend's other servants, however, pronounced him to be an "*Ajemi*"—a kind of Mohammedan—not a good one, like themselves, but still better than nothing. On leaving Alexandria, he dropped down many degrees in the social scale, and had to submit to slights and indignities accordingly. First, when it was necessary for him to obtain an Egyptian passport, he was bandied from one place to another, and he learned a bitter lesson of what the poor have to put up with. Then, as he steamed to Cairo, as a third-class passenger and wandering dervish, with his pea-green box of medicines and a huge yellow cotton umbrella, he felt cut off from sympathy, owing to his voluntary degradation; he brushed past an English officer, who cursed him classically; the noisy and vulgar familiarity of his neighbours offended him; and, for the first and last time in his journey, he seems to have been disheartened. However, he made one useful friend on board—an Egyptian, who chanced to be his neighbour when he was afterwards settled in lodgings at Cairo, and who helped him in many ways. Under this friend's auspices, he drops the Persian *incognito*, and, for many good reasons, calls himself a Pathan, born of Afghan parents, educated at Rangoon, and sent out to wander. He then begins to practise as an Oriental doctor, and succeeds so well that at length he is obliged to decline a profession which threatens him with fame. He next engages a sheikh to instruct him, saying that, as an Indian doctor, he wishes to study Arab works on medicine, and to perfect himself in divinity and pronunciation; and he finds the very man—an old sheikh, once a preacher, now a druggist—and professing that particular form of Islamism with which Mr. Burton's Indian experience had made him most familiar. He appears to have spent little more than a month in Cairo, including the month of the Ramazan, that strict fast to which all Moslems have to submit—a fearful ordeal for a man fresh from long residence in England. He bears witness to the gloomy and morose temper which is the effect of this severe abstinence—husbands beat their wives, and mothers slap their children, and crimes of all kinds are unusually numerous during this season of privation. From Cairo he goes to Suez. He takes a passage in the *Golden Wire*, a 50-ton boat, crammed like a slaver with pilgrims, all fighting for their places, and bastinadoing their captain when the vessel did not sail as they liked; and he arrives, after many tedious days, at Yamba, the nearest sea-port to Medina.

Mr. Burton had attached himself particularly to one of the passengers, Sheikh Hamid, the descendant of a celebrated saint, to whom, in his need, he lends five pounds, besides sundry dollars to others of his companions—part of which is repaid to him in coin, after infinite dunning, and the rest in attentive civilities and invitations to be their guest at Medina. Sheikh Hamid precedes the pilgrims thither to his mother's house, and receives them, equipped no longer as a dirty traveller, but as a most decorous sheikh. His manners are changed, with his dress, from the vulgar and boisterous to a certain staid courtesy; and

he proves an admirable host and guide. The religious feelings which underlie every Moslem's mind are now brought out in strong relief. The sentiments excited by the first view of the holy city are thus described:—

We halted our beasts as if by word of command. All of us descended, in imitation of the pious of old, and sat down, jaded and hungry as we were, to feast our eyes with a view of the Holy City. "O Allah, bless the last of the Prophets, the seal of prophecy, with blessings in number as the stars of heaven, and the waves of the sea, and the sands of the waste—bless him, O Lord of Might and Majesty, as long as the corn-field and the date-grove continue to feed mankind." And again—"Live for ever, O most excellent of the Prophets! Live in the shadow of happiness, during the hours of the night and the times of the day, whilst the dove monneth like the childless mother, whilst the west wind bloweth gently over the hills of Nejd, and the lightning flashest bright in the firmament of El Hejaz." Such were the poetical exclamations that rose all around me, showing how deeply tinged with imagination becomes the character of the Arab under the influence of strong passion or religious enthusiasm. And I now understood the full value of a phrase in the Moslem ritual—"When the pilgrim's eyes fall upon the trees of El Medina, let him raise his voice and bless the Prophet with the choicest of blessings"—for in all the fair view before us it was impossible not to enter into the spirit of my companions, and truly I believe that for some minutes my enthusiasm rose as high as theirs. But presently, when remounted, the traveller returned strong upon me. I made a rough sketch of the town, put questions about the principal buildings, and, in fact, collected materials for the next chapter.

The mosque of El Medina is one of the two sanctuaries of El Islam, and ranks, in Moslem estimation, as the second of the three most venerable places of worship in the world—that of Mecca being the first, and that of Jerusalem the third. In Mecca is the Caaba, the holy stone said to have been given by Gabriel to Abraham, the first object consecrated to the worship of God, and venerable with numberless traditions; in Medina is the Sepulchre of Mohammed and his family; and Jerusalem is sacred to that long line of Jewish prophets of whom Mohammed declared himself to be the greatest and the last.

The theologians of El Islam have bestowed infinite pains in determining what ceremonial acts of worship are proper at the sanctuary of Medina, and what at that of Mecca. The orthodox school of El Malik, imbued with saint-worship and the doctrine of relics, holds that the religious benefits to be derived from the Prophet's tomb render Medina the more honourable of the two. The Wahabri, on the other hand, rejecting the doctrine of intercession, consider the Prophet's grave as that of any other mortal; and, scandalized by the idolatrous respect generally paid to it, they plundered the sacred building in the beginning of this century, and put a temporary stop to all pilgrimages thither. But, leaving out of view extreme opinions, "the general consensus of El Islam admits the superiority of *Bait Allah* (House of God) at Mecca to the whole world, and declares El Medina to be more venerable than every other part of Mecca, and consequently all the earth, excepting only the *Bait Allah*." The Prophet's own recorded words on this matter deserve to be quoted. He says—"O Allah, cause not my tomb to become an object of idolatrous adoration! May thy wrath fall heavy upon the people who make the tombs of their prophets places of prayer!"

The mosque is a rectangular court of more than one hundred yards along its shorter side. It is surrounded by deep colonnades; and at one corner stands a large enclosure of iron filigree work, painted green and set with shining letters. This is surmounted by a dome of a "flashing" green, which bears a gilded crescent, and forms no insignificant object in distant views of the city. Dimly to be seen within the grating is a second railing; and behind that are folds of tapestry, swayed in the wind, which shroud the masonry, or the planking, or whatever it may be that encloses the holy tombs. Mohammed, Abubekir, and Omar lie side by side, and Fatimah's tomb is partitioned off, though immediately adjacent to the others.

The following are extracts from the prayer rehearsed opposite the little window in the grated wall which encloses the holy tombs, and which is nearest to that of Mohammed. It is given by the author at length, but as pilgrims are allowed to shorten it at discretion, we claim a similar privilege:—

Peace be with thee, O Prophet of Allah, and the mercy of Allah and his blessings.

Allah repay thee for us, O thou Prophet of Allah, the choicest of blessings with which he ever blessed prophet. Allah bless thee as often as mentioners have mentioned thee, and forgetters have forgotten thee; for we escaped error by means of thee, and were made to see after blindness, and after ignorance were directed into the right way. I bear witness that there is no Allah but Allah, and testify that thou art his servant and his prophet, and his faithful follower, and his best creature. And I bear witness that thou hast delivered thy message, and discharged thy trust, and advised thy faith, and published proofs, and fought valiantly for thy Lord, and worshipped thy God till certainty came to thee (i.e., to the hour of death); and we, thy friends, O Prophet of Allah, appear before thee, travellers from distant lands and far countries, through dangers and difficulties, longing to give thee thy rights, and to obtain the blessings of thy intercession, for our sins have broken our backs, and thou intercedest with the healer.

Again, in another prayer:—"O Allah, requite us according to our good deeds, and turn not our evil deeds against us, and place not over us one who feareth not thee, nor one who pieth not us." And again:—"O Allah! Allah! abandon us not in this holy place to the consequences of our sins without pardoning them, or to our grief without consoling them, or to our fears, O Allah, without removing them." In fact, the whole worship breathes of reality and earnest sincerity. We may disbelieve in the Prophet's mission, but we cannot mock at Islamism.

Quickly as the appearance of this book has succeeded the

journey it relates, events have still more rapidly crowded themselves into Mr. Burton's career. His pilgrimage being accomplished, he started on an expedition to the opposite coast of Africa, whence he penetrated as far as Hurrar, a town of considerable importance some days' journey from the coast, which many Europeans have in vain desired to reach, and to make a starting-point for further explorations. This object being effected, at great hazard, but in safety, owing chiefly to his reputation as a pilgrim, he returned, and started again with a large party to extend his explorations. This time, however, his usual good luck failed him. A serious attack was made upon the travellers as soon as they landed; one of his friends was killed, he himself narrowly escaped, and his expedition was broken up. He then returned to England (about June last), read his papers to the Geographical Society, and in a few days went again to the East, first as a Captain, and then as a Colonel of Bashir-bazouks. Probably, however, the monotonous occupation of teaching European drill to those somewhat intractable recruits was little congenial to him, for we observe that he returned with General Beatson, a few days since, to England.

ENGLISH, PAST AND PRESENT.*

THERE are two kinds of popular literature—one meriting universal discouragement as a pest; the other deserving universal welcome as a boon and blessing to the community. Under the former head we include all such works as present the show instead of the substance of research, and, professing to be historical or biographical, cannot be relied upon either for fact or philosophy—fictions which usurp the seat of truth without affording any of the compensations of fancy. The most eminent example of this class that occurs to us at the present moment is *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors of England*. It is most discreditable to our periodical critics that this bulky fabric of misrepresentations should have been permitted to pass current, not merely exempt from censure, but even with the favouring breeze of ignorant, reckless, and fulsome applause.

Under the latter head, we comprise the prose writings of Mr. Trench. For once the public has judged wisely, and their critical guides have dealt honestly in pronouncing these volumes "worthy of all acceptance." In his theological works, Mr. Trench has afforded to his professional brethren, as well as to the public at large, the results of his own diversified studies. He has culled for them the choicest passages of patristical divinity, and brought up, like a pearl diver, from the abysses of German theology, the most portable and practical of their treasures. The learned clergy find in him a worthy yokefellow; and those who are too busy or too indolent to become learned are provided by him with ample and available stores for their weekly pulpits or their daily ministrations.

Latterly, and fortunately for his numerous readers, Mr. Trench has been diligently employed in the mine of English philology. Great as are the merits of the ancient languages, and indispensable in the much-travelling nineteenth century as is an acquaintance with modern tongues, neither of them can be so interesting or important to Englishmen as their own written and spoken dialect. Nor is the value of its past or present history confined to these Islands alone. Geographically, English is becoming the most widely diffused of languages, and wherever it is spoken, its literature permeates also. Some of our colonies have already been severed from the parent-stem; and the day may arrive when other of our national branches will strike independent roots in distant soils. But one bond will ever remain between England and her progeny—the indissoluble bond of a common speech; the only portion of the common inheritance which follows the law of gavelkind and not of primogeniture. In the year 1955 there may possibly exist a great Indian or Australian Empire united with England only by commercial treaties; but Shakespeare will still be read by the native English of Bengal, and Milton and Taylor will be the delight of the studious in the great Pacific continent. To them the present aspect of our tongue will have become as remote as the idiom of Dryden is now to ourselves, while the writers of the Elizabethan age will have assumed almost the antiquity of Chaucer and Gower.

Nor is this the only reason why the historical study of the English language is important and desirable. It is not a fixed language, any more than its social and political system is a petrification. It advances, with some loss but also with some gain. It is acquiring some legitimate words and phrases, though it is also dropping and discharging many others worthy to be retained. It is well to record these changes, and Mr. Trench's little book on *English, Past and Present*, is both excellent in itself and as an example to present or future labourers in the same field. So much of our knowledge of English philology is shut up from the general reader in costly and cumbersome tomes, that we are the more glad to welcome a volume which may be carried in the pocket, and read in the intervals of business or amusement. Nor do we like it the worse for having been originally addressed to an audience, since our lectures, as well as our books, are most important ingredients of popular literature.

* *English, Past and Present.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D. Second Edition. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—At a Meeting held at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, November 20—

His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, K.G., in the Chair—

The following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

Moved by the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, seconded by Sir W. HEATHCOTE, M.P.:—

"That the noble exertions of Miss NIGHTINGALE and her associates in the Hospitals of the East, and the invaluable services rendered by them to the sick and wounded of the British Forces, demand the grateful recognition of the British people."

Moved by the Right Hon. Sir J. PAXTON, Bart., M.P., seconded by

Sir JAS. CLARK, Bart.:—

"That it is desirable to perpetuate the memory of Miss NIGHTINGALE's signal devotion, and to record the gratitude of the Nation, by a Testimonial of a substantial character; and that, as she has expressed her unwillingness to accept any tribute designed for her own personal advantage, funds be raised to enable her to establish an Institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of Nurses and Hospital Attendants."

Moved by Lord STANLEY, seconded by R. MONCKTON MILNES, Esq., M.P.:—

"That to accomplish this object on a scale worthy of the nation, and honourable to Miss NIGHTINGALE, all classes be invited to contribute."

Moved by the Right Hon. The LORD MAYOR, seconded by the Right Hon. SIDNEY HERBERT, M.P., and supported by H. H. BRACKERIDGE, Esq.:—

"That the sums so collected be vested in Trustees to be appointed by the Committee, and applied for the purpose expressed in the second resolution, in such manner, and under such regulations, as Miss NIGHTINGALE shall from time to time approve; the subscribers having entire confidence in her experience, energy, and judgment."

Moved by His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL, seconded by the Hon. and Rev. SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORN:—

"That with a view to secure, under all circumstances, the appropriation of the funds raised to the purpose expressed in the second resolution, Miss NIGHTINGALE be requested to name a Council (selected from the Committee) to co-operate with her, and who may represent her until her return to this country, or in the event of any suspension of her labours."

Moved by Lord GODERICH, seconded by the Rev. Dr. CUMMING:—

"That the following noblemen and gentlemen (with power to add to their number) be a Committee to carry into effect these resolutions; and that the Right Hon. SIDNEY HERBERT and Mr. S. C. HALL be requested to act as Honorary Secretaries."

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge

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His Grace the Duke of Argyll

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle

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The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury

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Moved by the CHAPLAIN-GENERAL, seconded by the Hon. Major POWYS.

"The thanks of the Meeting to His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE."

Letters were read from the following noblemen and gentlemen, expressing much regret that imperative circumstances prevented their taking part in the proceedings of the meeting.—The Right Hon. F. M. Viscount Hardinge, the Right Hon. Lord Pamper, General Sir Colin Campbell, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells, General Sir De Lucy Evans, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Captain Peel, R.N., Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart., &c.

Subscriptions will be received by any of the London banks; or at the office of the Fund, 5, Parliament-street. Cheques or post-office orders to be made payable to Mr. Samuel Carter Hall. A fresh list of subscriptions will be published on Monday.

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